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PRESENTS

No9 Dec 12th 1979
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DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

SPECIAL MONSTER ISSUE!

SENSORITES!
ZYGONS!
LIZARD MEN!

2
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THE STOLEN TARDIS
-A TALE OF THE TIME LORDS

AND

DOCTOR WHO
-IN A NEW AVENTURE!

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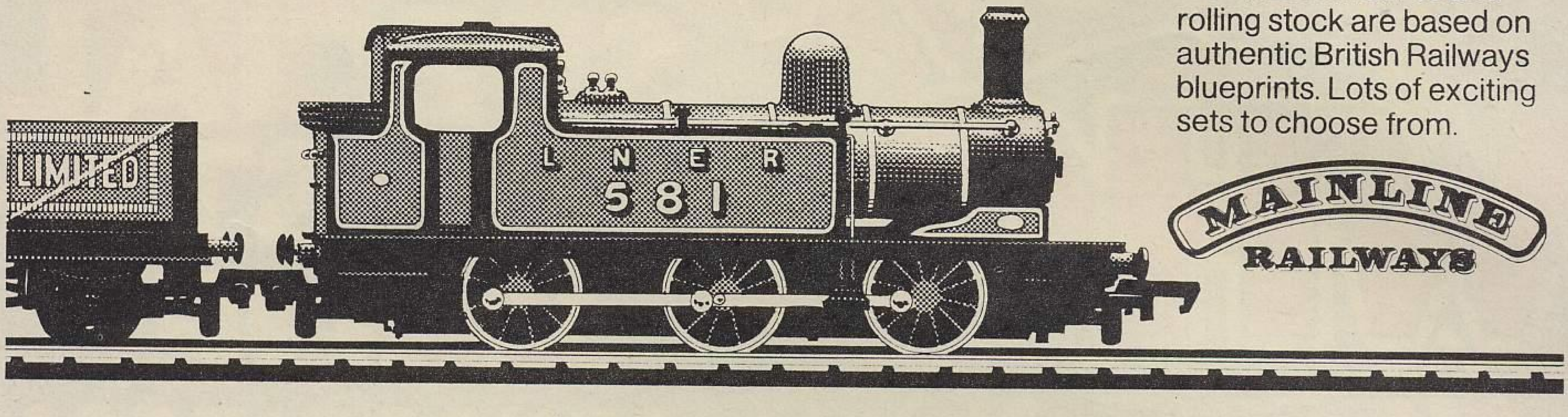

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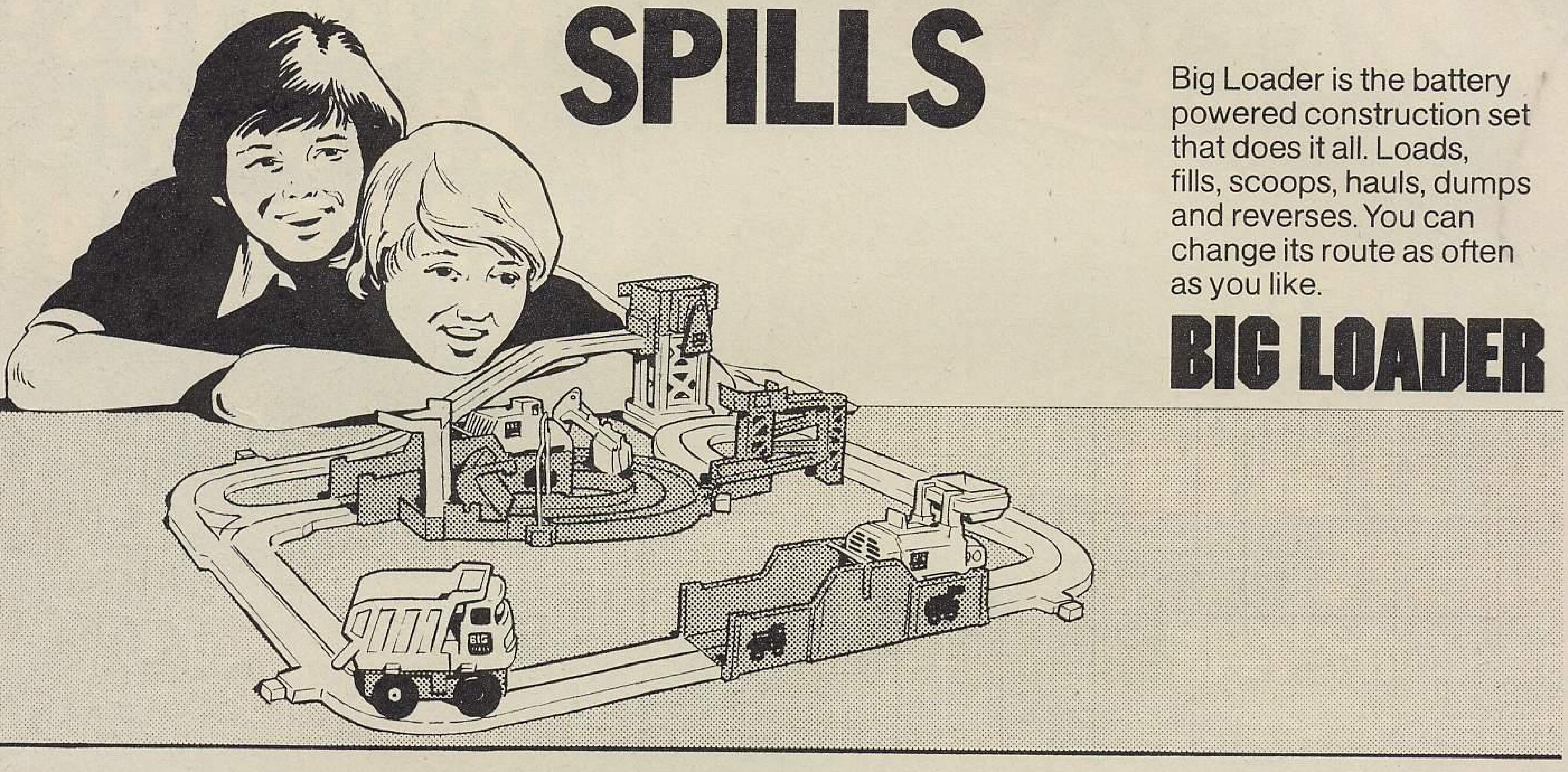

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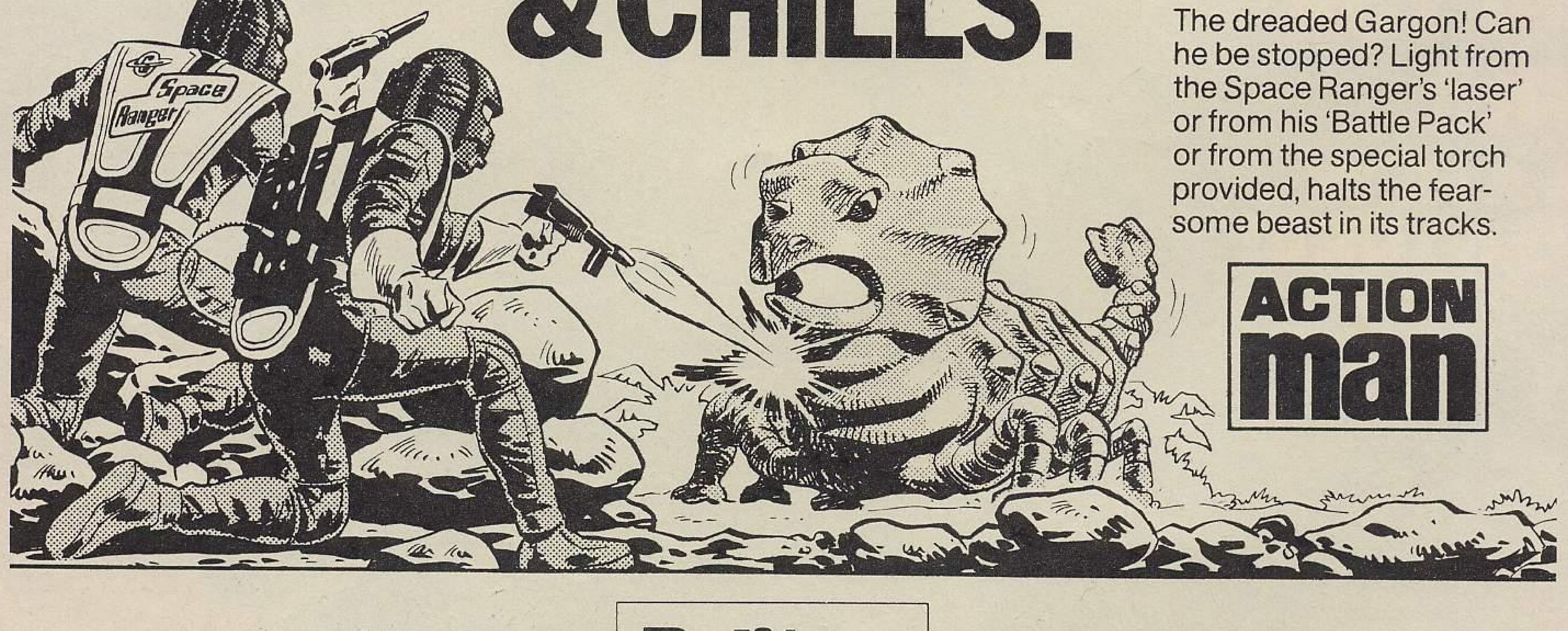

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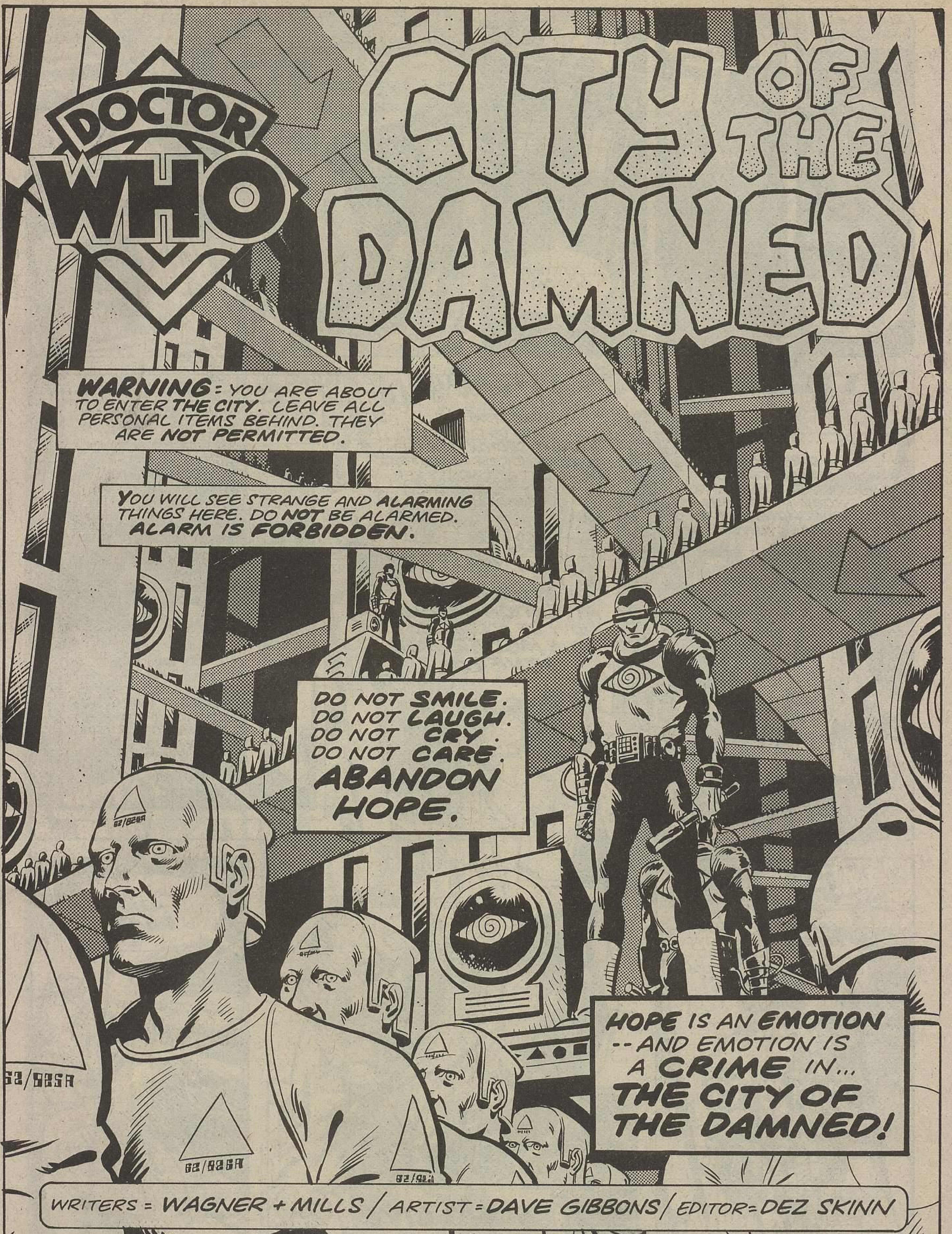
DOCTOR WHO
CITY OF THE DAMNED
WARNING: YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE CITY. LEAVE ALL PERSONAL ITEMS BEHIND. THEY ARE NOT PERMITTED.
YOU WILL SEE STRANGE AND ALARMING THINGS HERE. DO NOT BE ALARMED. ALARM IS FORBIDDEN.
DO NOT SMILE. DO NOT LAUGH. DO NOT CRY. DO NOT CARE. ABANDON HOPE.
HOPE IS AN EMOTION -- AND EMOTION IS A CRIME IN... THE CITY OF THE DAMNED!
WRITERS = WAGNER + MILLS / ARTIST = DAVE GIBBONS / EDITOR = DEZ SKINN

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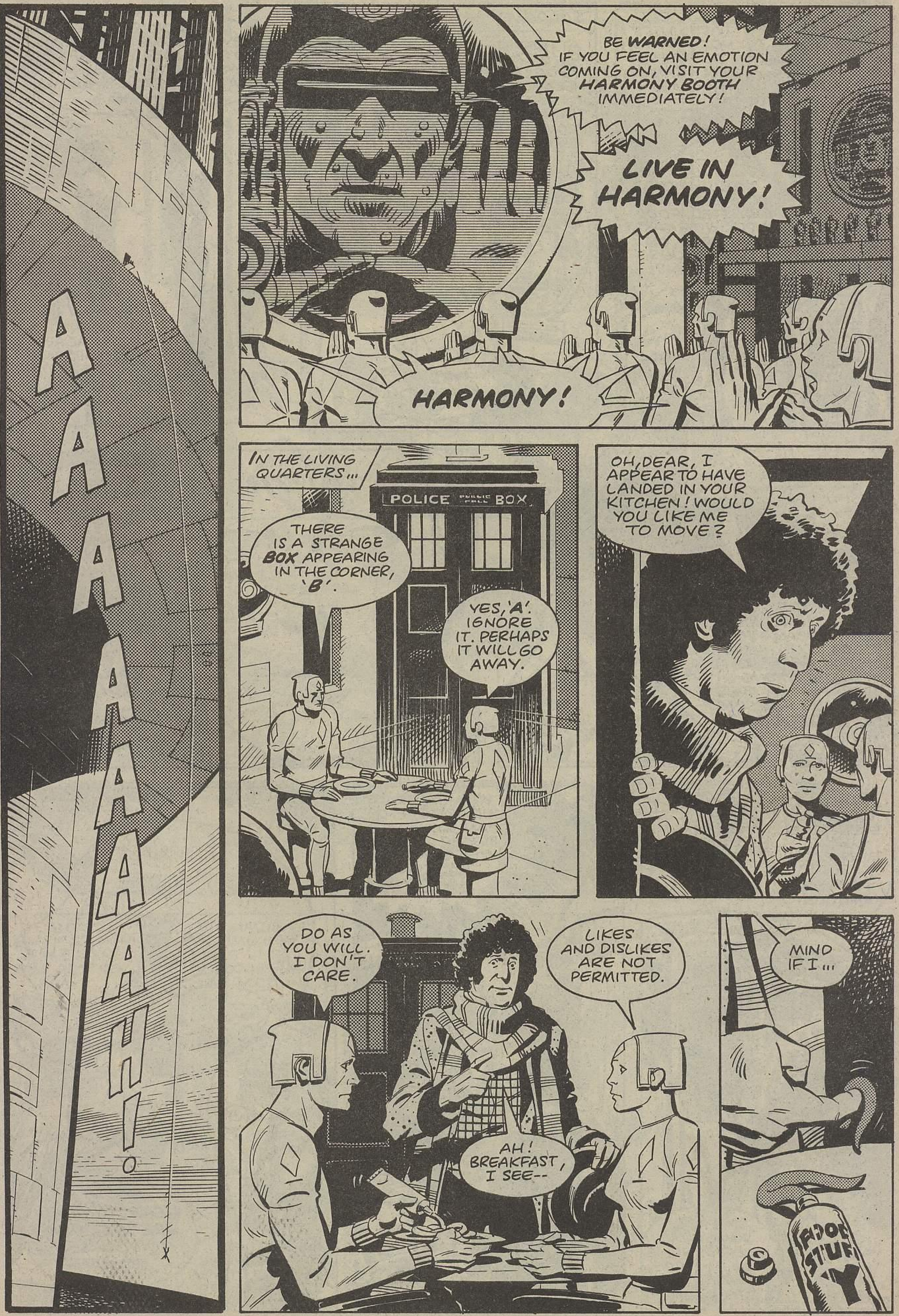
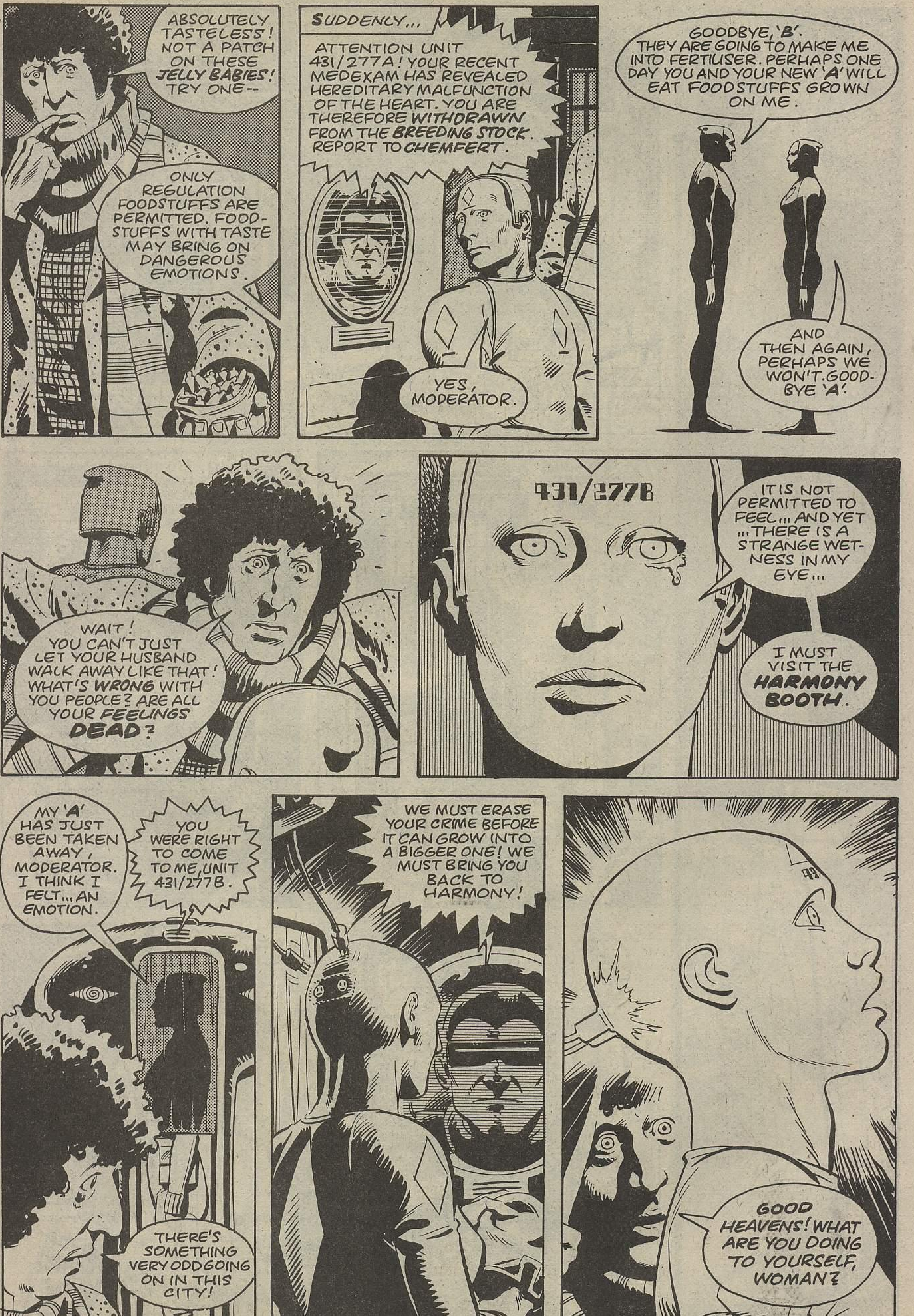
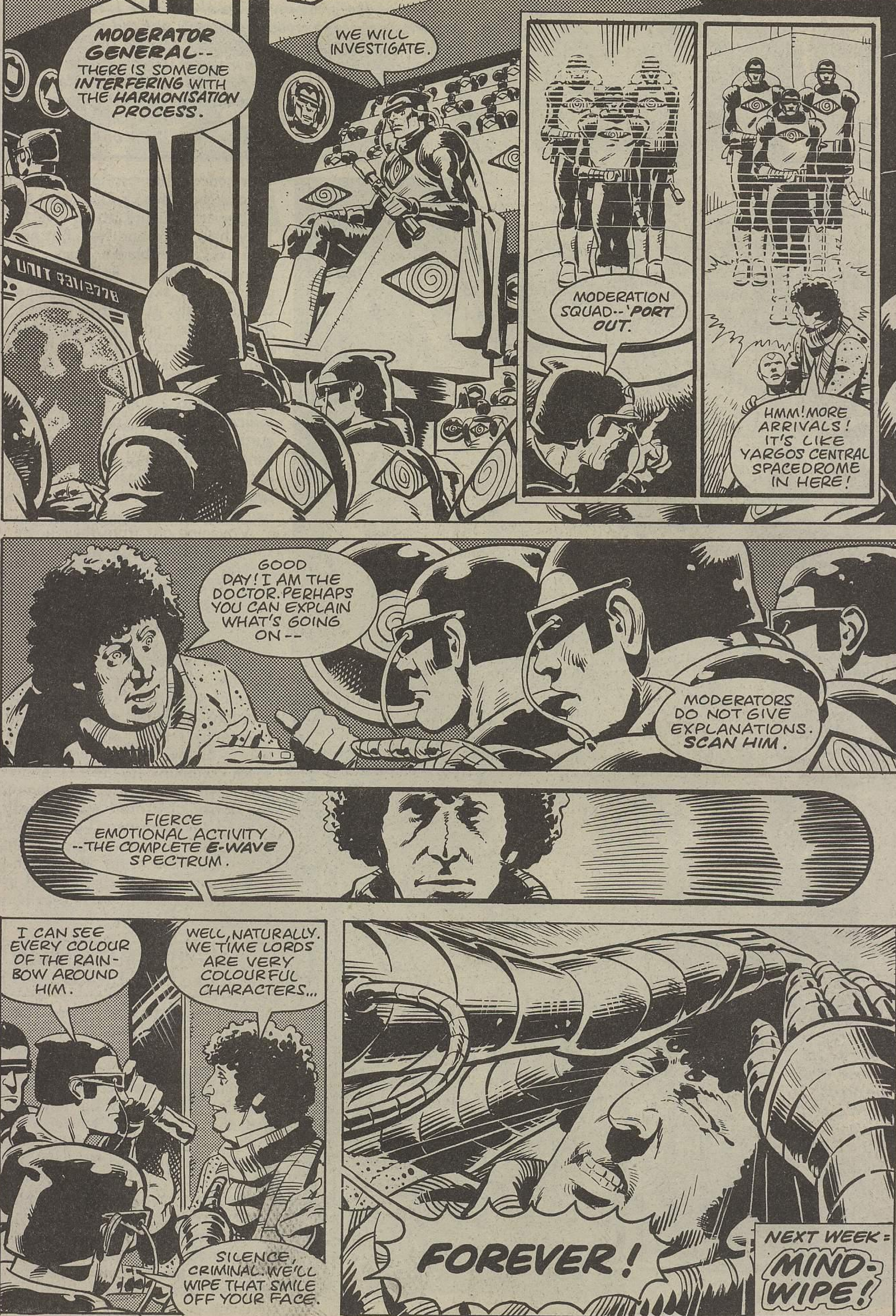
THE TARDIS MATERIALISES...
HEAVENS! THIS TIME-SPACE...
...STABILISER KEEPS...
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
...CUTTING OUT ON ME!
SOME KIND OF CITY DOWN THERE. NOT EXACTLY BENIDORM, I'M AFRAID--BUT JUST THE PLACE TO MAKE REPAIRS!
BELOW, THE CITY IS ON THE MOVE...
DIRECTIVE! 'CIRCLE' SECTION PROCEED TO APPOINTED WORK AREAS. NO BUNCHING ON THE WALKWAYS.
DIRECTIVE! OWING TO DIFFICULTIES IN AGRI-SECTOR FOURTEEN, CONSUMPTION OF FOODSTUFF K IS CUT BY TWENTY PER CENT. THAT IS THE GREEN TUBE.
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! YOU WILL NOW BE ADDRESSED BY THE MODERATOR GENERAL!
GIGANTIC IMAGES APPEAR ON THE WALLS OF THE CITY...
THE LAW OF OUR CITY WAS CREATED FOR YOUR GOOD--YET THERE ARE STILL THOSE WHO BREAK IT! HARDENED CRIMINALS WHO AVOID TREATMENT FOR THEIR PRIMITIVE URGES!
WE HAVE CAPTURED THE LEADER OF THESE REBELS. EVEN NOW HE IS TAKING HIS LAST WALK THROUGH FEELERS' GATE!
LONG LIVE EMOTION!
MAY YOU FIND HARMONY IN DEATH!
HOPE

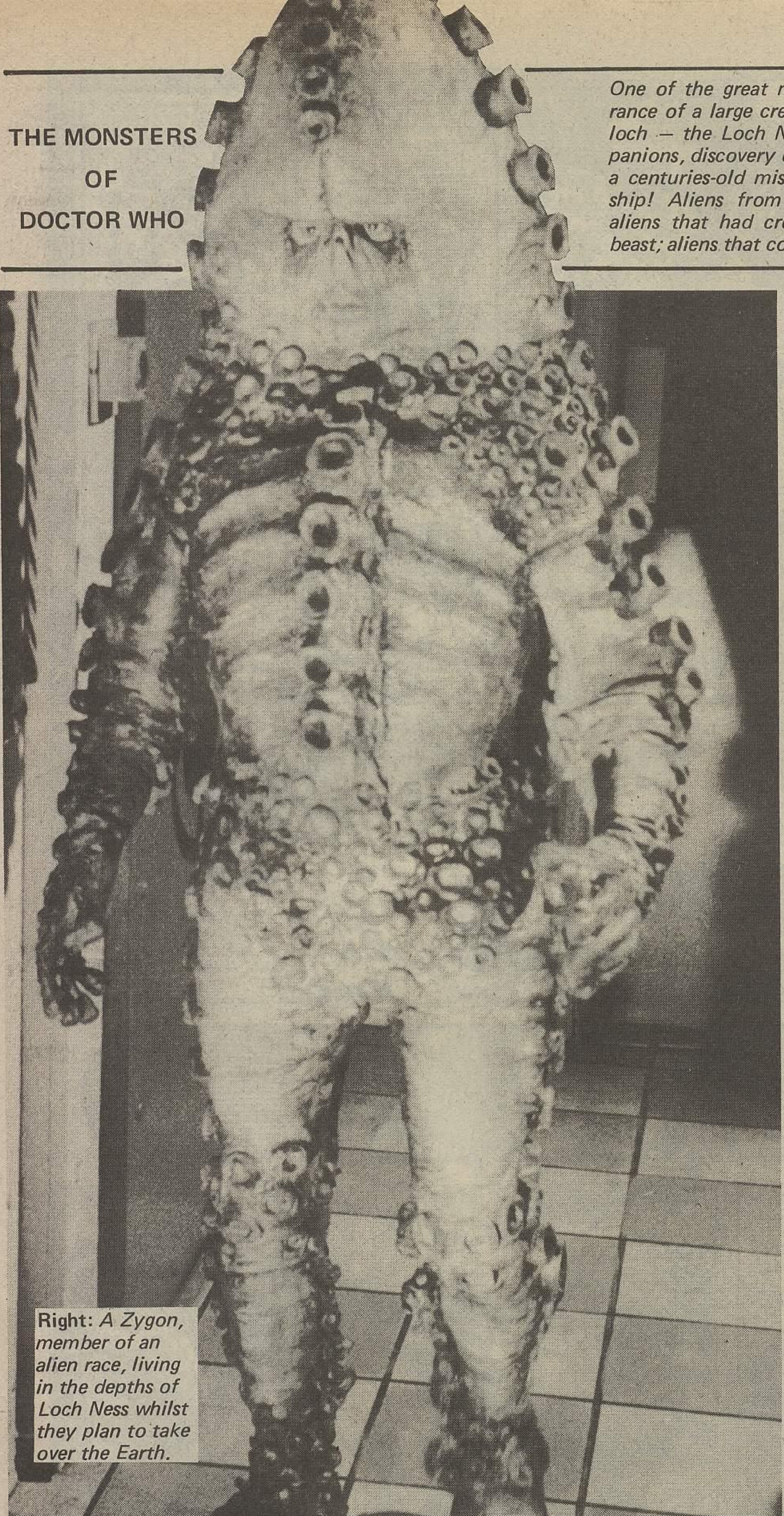

AAAAAAAH!
BE WARNED! IF YOU FEEL AN EMOTION COMING ON, VISIT YOUR HARMONY BOOTH IMMEDIATELY!
LIVE IN HARMONY!
HARMONY!
IN THE LIVING QUARTERS...
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
THERE IS A STRANGE BOX APPEARING IN THE CORNER, 'B'.
YES, 'A'. IGNORE IT. PERHAPS IT WILL GO AWAY.
OH, DEAR, I APPEAR TO HAVE LANDED IN YOUR KITCHEN! WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO MOVE?
DO AS YOU WILL. I DON'T CARE.
LIKES AND DISLIKES ARE NOT PERMITTED.
AH! BREAKFAST, I SEE--
MIND IF I...


ABSOLUTELY TASTELESS! NOT A PATCH ON THESE JELLY BABIES! TRY ONE--
ONLY REGULATION FOODSTUFFS ARE PERMITTED. FOODSTUFFS WITH TASTE MAY BRING ON DANGEROUS EMOTIONS.
SUDDENLY...
ATTENTION UNIT 431/277A! YOUR RECENT MEDEXAM HAS REVEALED HEREDITARY MALFUNCTION OF THE HEART. YOU ARE THEREFORE WITHDRAWN FROM THE BREEDING STOCK. REPORT TO CHEMFERT.
YES, MODERATOR.
GOODBYE, 'B'. THEY ARE GOING TO MAKE ME INTO FERTILISER. PERHAPS ONE DAY YOU AND YOUR NEW 'A' WILL EAT FOODSTUFFS GROWN ON ME.
AND THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS WE WON'T. GOODBYE 'A'.
WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST LET YOUR HUSBAND WALK AWAY LIKE THAT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE? ARE ALL YOUR FEELINGS DEAD?
431/277B
IT IS NOT PERMITTED TO FEEL... AND YET ... THERE IS A STRANGE WETNESS IN MY EYE...
I MUST VISIT THE HARMONY BOOTH.
MY 'A' HAS JUST BEEN TAKEN AWAY, MODERATOR. I THINK I FELT... AN EMOTION.
YOU WERE RIGHT TO COME TO ME, UNIT 431/277B.
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD GOING ON IN THIS CITY!
WE MUST ERASE YOUR CRIME BEFORE IT CAN GROW INTO A BIGGER ONE! WE MUST BRING YOU BACK TO HARMONY!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOURSELF, WOMAN?


MODERATOR GENERAL-- THERE IS SOMEONE INTERFERING WITH THE HARMONISATION PROCESS.
WE WILL INVESTIGATE.
UNIT 931/2778
MODERATION SQUAD--'PORT OUT.
HMM! MORE ARRIVALS! IT'S LIKE YARGOS CENTRAL SPACEDROME IN HERE!
GOOD DAY! I AM THE DOCTOR. PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON--
MODERATORS DO NOT GIVE EXPLANATIONS. SCAN HIM.
FIERCE EMOTIONAL ACTIVITY --THE COMPLETE E-WAVE SPECTRUM.
I CAN SEE EVERY COLOUR OF THE RAINBOW AROUND HIM.
WELL, NATURALLY. WE TIME LORDS ARE VERY COLOURFUL CHARACTERS...
SILENCE, CRIMINAL. WE'LL WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE.
FOREVER!
NEXT WEEK: MIND-WIPE!

THE MONSTERS OF DOCTOR WHO

One of the great mysteries of our time is the strange, appearance of a large creature which is reputed to live in a Scottish loch — the Loch Ness Monster! For the Doctor and his companions, discovery of the monster also meant the emergence of a centuries-old mission by alien beings aboard a **living** *spaceship! Aliens from a highly advanced technological society; aliens that had created a half flesh, half robot underwater beast; aliens that could assume the shape of humans . . .*



Right: *A Zygon, member of an alien race, living in the depths of Loch Ness whilst they plan to take over the Earth.*

Armed with stinging, electrically charged claws, a Zygon is a squat and powerful figure about five foot tall. They have arms and feet, but no further physical resemblance can be made between man and Zygon. Its green-orange skin hangs slug-like on its bloated body. It has two wicked, bloodthirsty eyes and a slight but deep puckered mouth. Along the length of its spine runs a string of ulcer-shaped nodules. The high-domed head meets directly into a huge body — there is no indication of a neck. Its bubbling, gurgling voice carries the note of arrogance that is a trait of its ancestry . . . an ancestry on a planet light years away in space. A planet that, now, no longer exists.

Voyaging out from their home world, the Zygon spaceship under the command of War Lord Broton, was damaged by the Solar System's Asteroid Belt, and forced to land in mid-seventeenth century Scotland, Earth. Over the long years, their strange organic spaceship regenerated while its Zygon crew members regained their former strength. No attempt was made to communicate or interfere with the apparently primitive humanoids that inhabited the land masses of the planet. Eventually, the subspace communicator regrew and contact with their home world was attempted. To the horror of Broton and his party, they learned from another Zygon vessel out in space, of the stellar explosion that had destroyed their world. Many such Zygon vessels carrying the survivors of the race now littered the universe seeking a new home!

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON AGAINST MANKIND!

Realising that his was the only grounded Zygon ship Broton formed his plan. Earth would be made his, and for all the survivors of his race! If he succeeded he would rule over his own kind *and* the natural inhabitants of Earth. Intending to call the Zygon fleet to Earth once his plan had been successfully executed, Broton began building up his armed force . . .

On their home world the Zygons had been dependent on the milk of a huge, benevolent sea creature, the Skarasen. Releasing one of the monsters in embryo form into the Loch in which the Zygon ship had splashed down, Broton watched

THE ZYGONS

as the Skarasen was reared and altered so that it could be controlled for his destructive purposes. The creature was a hybrid creation, half animal, half machine, swimming aimlessly in Loch Ness until called upon by its Zygon masters. Then, it would speed to its target, a fierce head rearing up on an immensely long neck from a huge body. Two pairs of flippers propelled the lumbering amphibian from either end of its hulking torso, and swishing wildly at its rear, a flat, powerful tail. Broton recognised this, quite deservedly, as his ultimate weapon against mankind!

By the time the Skarasen hybrid was fully grown, mankind had advanced into the twentieth century. For all this time, the Zygons had concealed themselves within the Loch despite the constant threat of discovery of their Skarasen. Lonely humans wandering the nearby moor of Tulloch would become victims of the creature when its guidance system was being tested late into the night and slowly, a myth evolved about the mysterious monster. Meanwhile, Broton's plans had been progressing and now he was all but ready to release the Skarasen on the fleets of the world!

'THE THREAT TO THE HUMAN RACE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN GREATER!'

Once the humans had been reduced to little more than his slave labour forces, he would begin to restructure Earth so that it would make a suitable home for the wandering Zygon race. He planned to destroy the polar ice caps, raise the

Above: *The Doctor (Tom Baker) in the hands of the Zygons in a scene from episode one of* **Terror of the Zygons.**

Above: *The Doctor (Tom Baker) is stung by a Zygon in episode three of* **Terror of the Zygons.**

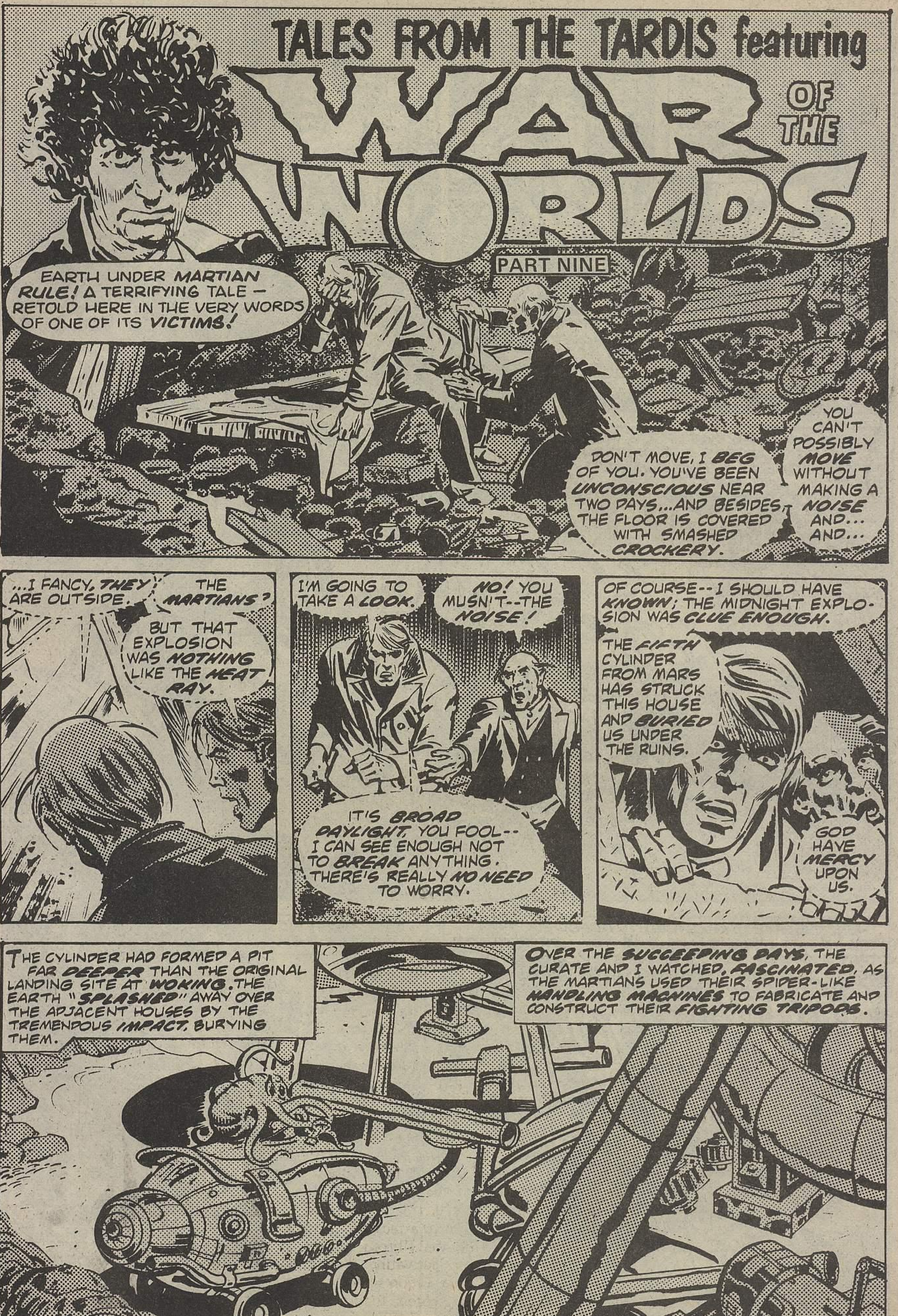
mean temperature by several degrees and construct thousands of lakes with the correct mineral elements for breeding more of their life-maintaining Skarasens. Earth would become the Zygon world! With Zygon technology all this was possible. The threat to the human race could not have been greater!

By the time Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart and UNIT had been assigned to investigate the recurring attacks upon off-shore oil-rigs, Broton's Zygons were already using their advanced science to take body-prints of human beings, so being able to remodel themselves in the form of their victims by a transmutation process. Unfortunately for Broton, this copying effect was not permanent and the Zygons had to hold captive the humans that they required for continuous substitution, reprocessing themselves on the humans whenever the effect wore off.

When the Doctor was taken aboard the living, pulsating ship of the Zygons, he was able to free all the Zygon's prisoners, a breakout which distracted the aliens long enough for him to attack the control source, destroying the fibrous structure of the vessel by activating the self-destruct button. The Zygon scientists had been so anxious to protect their supreme technology from any other life form that the self-destructor was a required instrument aboard all their vessels.

Released from Zygon control, the Skarasen returned to its benevolent self and is now believed to be the occupier, once more, of Loch Ness, leading a lonely life avoiding the many humans that continue to try and prove its existence!

Next Week:
DAVROS
-Mastermind of the Daleks!

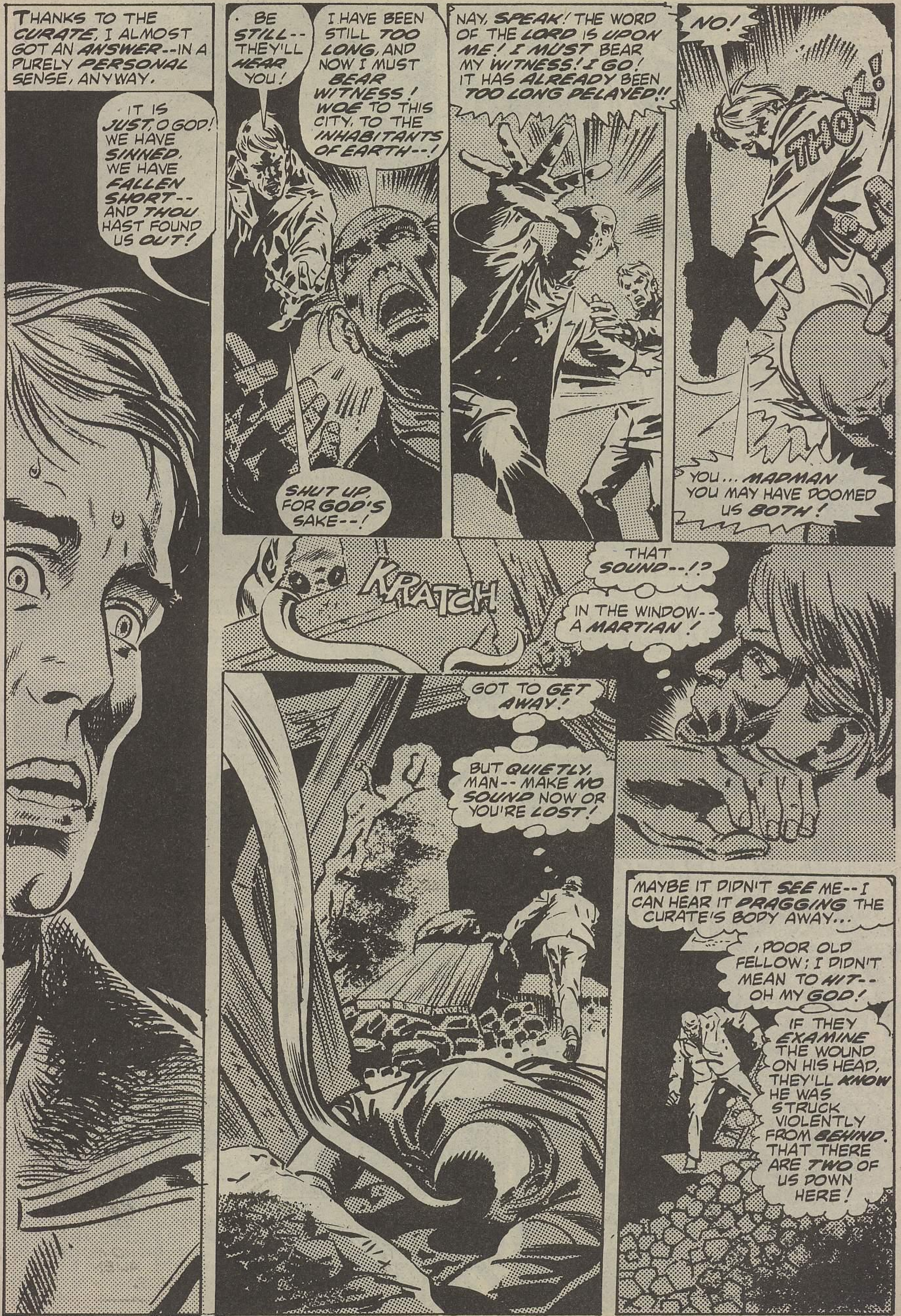


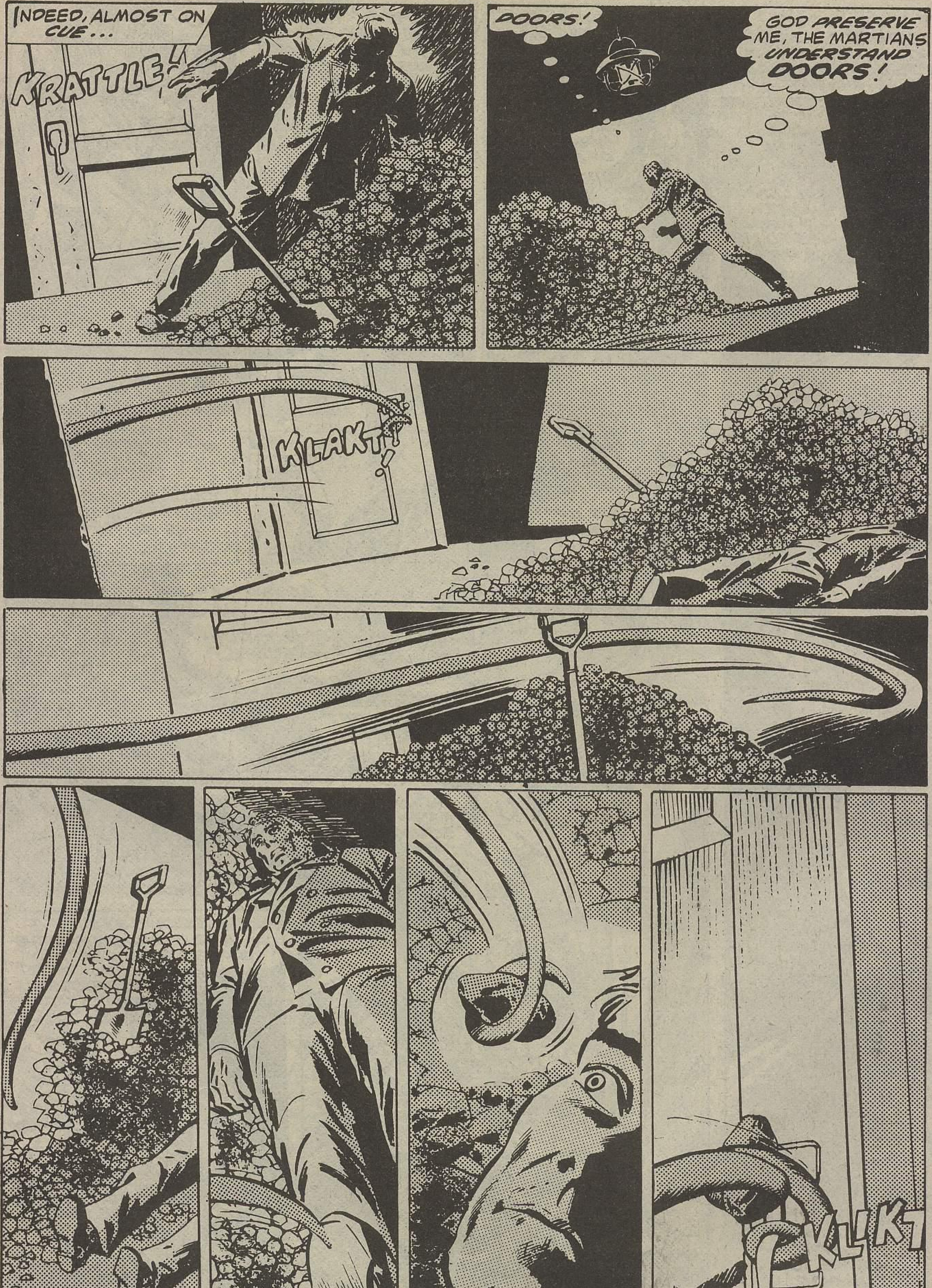
TALES FROM THE TARDIS featuring
WAR OF THE WORLDS
PART NINE
EARTH UNDER MARTIAN RULE! A TERRIFYING TALE — RETOLD HERE IN THE VERY WORDS OF ONE OF ITS VICTIMS!
DON'T MOVE, I BEG OF YOU. YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS NEAR TWO DAYS...AND BESIDES, THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH SMASHED CROCKERY.
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY MOVE WITHOUT MAKING A NOISE AND... AND...
...I FANCY, THEY ARE OUTSIDE.
THE MARTIANS?
BUT THAT EXPLOSION WAS NOTHING LIKE THE HEAT RAY.
I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK.
NO! YOU MUSN'T--THE NOISE!
IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT, YOU FOOL-- I CAN SEE ENOUGH NOT TO BREAK ANYTHING. THERE'S REALLY NO NEED TO WORRY.
OF COURSE--I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN; THE MIDNIGHT EXPLOSION WAS CLUE ENOUGH.
THE FIFTH CYLINDER FROM MARS HAS STRUCK THIS HOUSE AND BURIED US UNDER THE RUINS.
GOD HAVE MERCY UPON US.
THE CYLINDER HAD FORMED A PIT FAR DEEPER THAN THE ORIGINAL LANDING SITE AT WOKING. THE EARTH "SPLASHED" AWAY OVER THE ADJACENT HOUSES BY THE TREMENDOUS IMPACT, BURYING THEM.
OVER THE SUCCEEDING DAYS, THE CURATE AND I WATCHED, FASCINATED, AS THE MARTIANS USED THEIR SPIDER-LIKE HANDLING MACHINES TO FABRICATE AND CONSTRUCT THEIR FIGHTING TRIPODS.

Script: Chris Claremont Art: Yong Montano & Dino Castrillo

Based on the classic by H.G. Wells.

THEY'RE MONSTERS ... MONSTERS....!
GOD HAVE MERCY ON US ALL--WE ARE IN THE HANDS OF FIENDS FROM THE FOULEST PITS OF HELL!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MAN?! WHAT'S OUT THERE?
DEATH IS OUT THERE! HE HAS COME FOR US!
BE QUIET, YOU FOOL; THEY'LL HEAR YOU!
I SAID--
BE QUIET!
SOK
IN THE EARLY EVENING TWILIGHT, I SAW A MAN WHO LOOKED TO HAVE BEEN OF CONSIDERABLE MEANS BEFORE THE MARTIANS CAME...
HE WAS SCRAMBLING UP THE SLOPE OF THE PIT TOWARDS OUR WINDOW (FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT HE'D SEEN IT--AND ME!)...
...STARK TERROR ON HIS FACE, THE MARTIANS CHEERING HIM ON WITH GLEEFUL HOOTING.
THEN, THE MARTIANS EVIDENTLY DECIDED THAT THEY'D HAD ENOUGH OF THIS TOY--OR, PERHAPS, THEY'D SIMPLY GOTTEN HUNGRY.
NNOOOOOOOOOOOOHH!
WHATEVER THE REASON, THE MAN'S TIME WAS UP.
THEIR NEXT VICTIM WAS A YOUNG BOY.
I ACTUALLY SAW THE MARTIANS FEEDING OFF HIS JUST-BUTCHERED CORPSE. AND I WONDERED IF THIS WAS TO BE MY FATE, THE FATE OF ALL MANKIND... TO BE NO MORE THAN CATTLE BOUND FOR AN ALIEN SLAUGHTERHOUSE.


THANKS TO THE CURATE, I ALMOST GOT AN ANSWER--IN A PURELY PERSONAL SENSE, ANYWAY.
IT IS JUST, O GOD! WE HAVE SINNED. WE HAVE FALLEN SHORT-- AND THOU HAST FOUND US OUT!
BE STILL-- THEY'LL HEAR YOU!
I HAVE BEEN STILL TOO LONG, AND NOW I MUST BEAR WITNESS! WOE TO THIS CITY, TO THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH--!
SHUT UP, FOR GOD'S SAKE--!
NAY, SPEAK! THE WORD OF THE LORD IS UPON ME! I MUST BEAR MY WITNESS! I GO! IT HAS ALREADY BEEN TOO LONG DELAYED!!
NO!
THOK!
YOU... MADMAN YOU MAY HAVE DOOMED US BOTH!
KRATCH
THAT SOUND--!?
IN THE WINDOW-- A MARTIAN!
GOT TO GET AWAY!
BUT QUIETLY, MAN-- MAKE NO SOUND NOW OR YOU'RE LOST!
MAYBE IT DIDN'T SEE ME--I CAN HEAR IT DRAGGING THE CURATE'S BODY AWAY...
POOR OLD FELLOW; I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT-- OH MY GOD!
IF THEY EXAMINE THE WOUND ON HIS HEAD, THEY'LL KNOW HE WAS STRUCK VIOLENTLY FROM BEHIND. THAT THERE ARE TWO OF US DOWN HERE!


INDEED, ALMOST ON CUE...
KRATTLE!
DOORS!
GOD PRESERVE ME, THE MARTIANS UNDERSTAND DOORS!
KLAKT!
KLIKT

It was...gone...
...and I was still undiscovered.
They came into the scullery no more, but I lay all that day in the close darkness, not daring to crawl out for the drink I so desperately craved.
That, I did the next day.
But the pantry was empty. No Martians, it was true, but not a scrap of food or drink, either...
...(There was the rain sump pump, of course, but it was rusty and its clanking would surely attract the invaders. And I knew my luck could not stand yet another test.)...
So, I hungered.
After a day, I thought I'd gone deaf, for the noises I'd grown accustomed to from the pit had ceased completely.
I eventually attacked the pump--getting myself some glassfuls of brackish and tainted water...
The water was exquisite, made no less so by the fact that no inquiring tentacle followed the clatter of my pumping.
I found the dog the very next morning.
GRRRR
I crept forward, hoping to kill him for food (and also to silence him before his barking attracted any Martians)...
But then...
Wait a moment--the dog seems to have free run of the pit, yet every dog I've seen has stayed well clear of live Martians...
...and this unnatural silence from beings who never sleep--Lord above, hunger must have addled my brain for me to have missed something so obvious...!

NEXT WEEK: THE END OF THE INVADERS!

WHO CARES!

Here's another batch of your ideas and opinions – plus a few photos and questions . . .

Dear Doctor,

In the second fabulous issue of **Doctor Who Weekly**, I read the story "An Unearthly Child", and I was very puzzled.

It says that Barbara Wright and Ian Chesterton were fellow teachers and knew each other well. It then goes on to say that "An Unearthly Child" was the very first Doctor Who story.

Well, I have a book called "Dr Who and the Daleks" written by David Whitaker, which says that Ian Chesterton met Barbara Wright in a car crash and their first adventure with the Doctor was the "Dead Planet" Dalek one.

Could you please explain this as I am bewildered and cannot figure it out.

Gavin Maxwell, Belfast.

One explanation coming up, Gavin. Though "An Unearthly Child" was the first TV story, the first novelisation was of the "Dead Planet" Dalek story. So author David Whitaker took the liberty of changing things, so he could introduce both Ian and Barbara, rather than having to relate them back to a story which had not been novelised.

Reader Philip Chambers from Wallington

WHO IS THE DOCTOR?
I cross the void beyond my mind
the empty space that circles time
I see where others stumble blind,
to seek a truth they never find.
Eternal wisdom is my guide –
. . .I AM THE DOCTOR.

Guy Rawlings, London.

Reader Heidi Quant from Willenhall

Dear **Doctor Who Weekly**,

I believe Gordon Blows was in error in issue 5 when he said in his article that the Doctor was "thrown out of the Academy".

In the "Deadly Assassin" story, Commentator Runcible, who was with the Doctor at the Prydonian Academy, clearly remembered him being at the graduation ceremony, in which the Doctor received his degree in cosmic science.

It was much later on that the Doctor grew bored with life on the Time Lords planet of Gallifry, and, as I understand it, as a Cardinal Instructor – a position which gave him access to the training models without any questions being asked – left with one of his favourite students who later adopted the name of Susan, and assumed a grand-daughter, grand-father relationship with her tutor.

M. Bennett, Salop.

In answer to your Academy Graduation question, the fact is embarrassingly simple. The Doctor ***did*** *pass . . . the sixth time but he failed the first five! As for the Susan story, well, that's your theory!*

Dear Doctor,

The comic, **Dr Who Weekly**, is getting better, and better, your stories are getting more exciting and the ideas and drawing are brilliant, I hope you keep this comic up for ever!

The **Dr Who and the Iron Legion** is fantastic and to put the Cybermen in it is just what I wanted, I think they're great, and **Ware of the Worlds** is getting brilliant.

I especially like the first story, **An Unearthly Child** and the **Return of the Daleks**. Really, I think the whole comic is just GREAT!

Rupert Smart, Longstanton.

Reader Sharon Jones from Clywd

Dear Doctor,

I have a whole bag of ideas for the magazine, but here is one for the Beeb. Perhaps around Chrsitmas or in the summer months when the show is off the air the BBC could show old repeats of Dr Who on BBC2 eg Fridays or Saturdays. I know some of the old stories have had to be erased so as to make room on the video tapes for more stories but I am sure that the more notable stories are still on record, I think this request would make a lot of people happy including myself, so perhaps you could pass the idea onto the producers.

S. McCraken, Motherwell.

Reader Stephen Fry from Bromley

Dear Doctor,

Your magazine is marvelous and just what is needed to lessen the gaps between Saturday's programme (of which I think your present one is marvelous).

Please, Please, Please, don't let this comic go the way some other new ones go, (ie stop). You shall always have my support.

J. Conlon, Preston, Lancs.

Dear Doctor,

I think your new magazine is really great. Doctor Who is my favourite TV programme, so I especially like the articles on all the monsters that have appeared in the TV series.

I also like the "Story of Doctor Who" feature, re-telling TV episodes that were on before I was even born!

I think it would also be a good idea to feature your present TV adventures, so that we can stay in touch even if we miss an episode.

Best wishes to Romana and K-9

Mark Jeffries, Oakham.

An interesting idea, Mark. While waiting for other readers views on it, we'll investigate the possibilities.

. . .and that just about rounds up this issue's letters.

. . .Happy times and places!

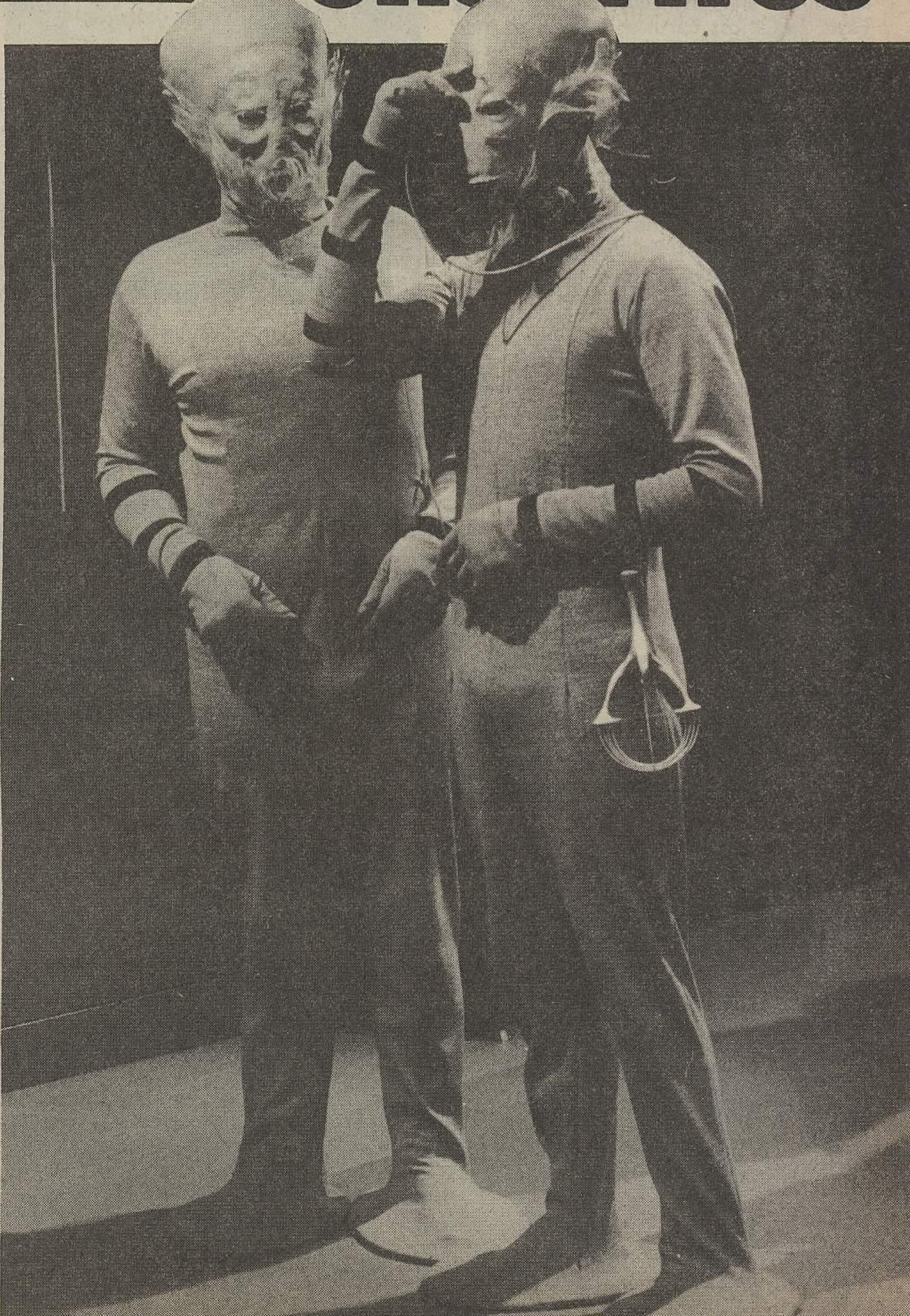
Write to us at:
WHO CARES!
Marvel Comics,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

DOCTOR WHO

STORY SEVEN

This week the TARDIS materialises on the deck of another spaceship, hovering above an unknown planet . . . Another hazardous adventure begins when the time travellers discover that the three occupants of the ship are being controlled by the planet's telepathic inhabitants — the Sensorites!

The Sensorites



The four time-travellers, the Doctor, his grand-daughter Susan, and the two school teachers Ian and Barbara, step out from the TARDIS onto a silent, dimly-lit corridor aboard a large space vessel. Their footsteps echo hollowly as they make their way towards the flight deck while from the shadows a pair of alien eyes watches them pass...

When they reach the flight deck a shock awaits them — a man and a young woman are slumped over the controls. Without a pulse, or heartbeat their bodies are still warm, as if they had only just died. The Doctor senses danger and advises a speedy return to the TARDIS, when a sudden movement startles Susan. The two bodies begin to move!

The travellers introduce themselves as Captain Maitland and Carol, both space explorers whose destination had been the planet Sense-Sphere. But when Maitland and his crew had entered orbit, some three years ago, they found that their minds were being controlled — putting the crew into weeks and months of death-like trances — by the planet's telepathic inhabitants, the Sensorites!

A burning smell wafts up to the flight deck and the Doctor hurries to see what is happening. He is furious to discover that the lock to the TARDIS has been stolen. Maitland comments that the Sensorites must be on board!

Suddenly, the ship lurches out of control and plummets into a collision course with the alien world. But then the vision fades and the group realise their minds have been under Sensorite attack!

The experience badly shakes Susan and Barbara who wander away — little realising they are heading for the area of the ship roamed by the third member of the crew, John. His mind was badly damaged by the Sensorites' power and he is now quite insane!

They all race after the girls but find their way blocked by a manually sealed bulkhead. Further along Barbara and Susan hear sounds of someone following them. They turn to face a tall, haggard figure — John. He lunges forward, misses, and slumps to the floor, sobbing pitifully.

Maitland is trying to drill through the bulkhead when a signal from the controls heralds approaching danger. Operating a scanner, the four watch as two lights edge around the hull exterior. The Sensorites are coming...

The nearness of danger steadies John's mind and he shows the girls how to open the bulkhead to the main vessel.

With the four travellers safely reunited, Susan receives a telepathic message from the Sensorites on board ship, requesting a meeting. The Doctor agrees and soon two soft-spoken creatures enter the contol deck.

The Sensorites, who prove to be highly intelligent and civilized, tell how many years ago a lost Earth ship came to their world, Sense-Sphere. The crew were treated well but the Earthmen repaid the Sensorites' kindness with treachery when they discoverd the abundance of Molybdenum, a metal far more precious than gold. Knowing what the consequences would be if their planet became the target for a 'gold-rush', the Sensorites went against their pacifist beliefs and the space ship was destroyed. Now any intruders from Earth are made prisoners. The Sensorites will not kill but neither will they allow anyone to leave. The travellers may live out their lives freely but are trapped forever!

Peering into Susan's mind, the Sensorites discover she has far greater knowledge than the humans they had previously met. They try to lure her down to their planet, but the Doctor prevents them. But when the time travellers hear of a mysterious plague on Sense-Sphere, the Doctor agrees to help - in return for the stolen TARDIS lock. The bargain struck, Ian, the Doctor, Carol and Susan begin their journey to the planet's surface...

Much later in a council chamber, a committee of Sensorites are debating. They are preparing to meet their visitors and such a move, inviting more Earthmen to the planet, has not gone unopposed . . . The city administrator is especially angry at this rash decision.

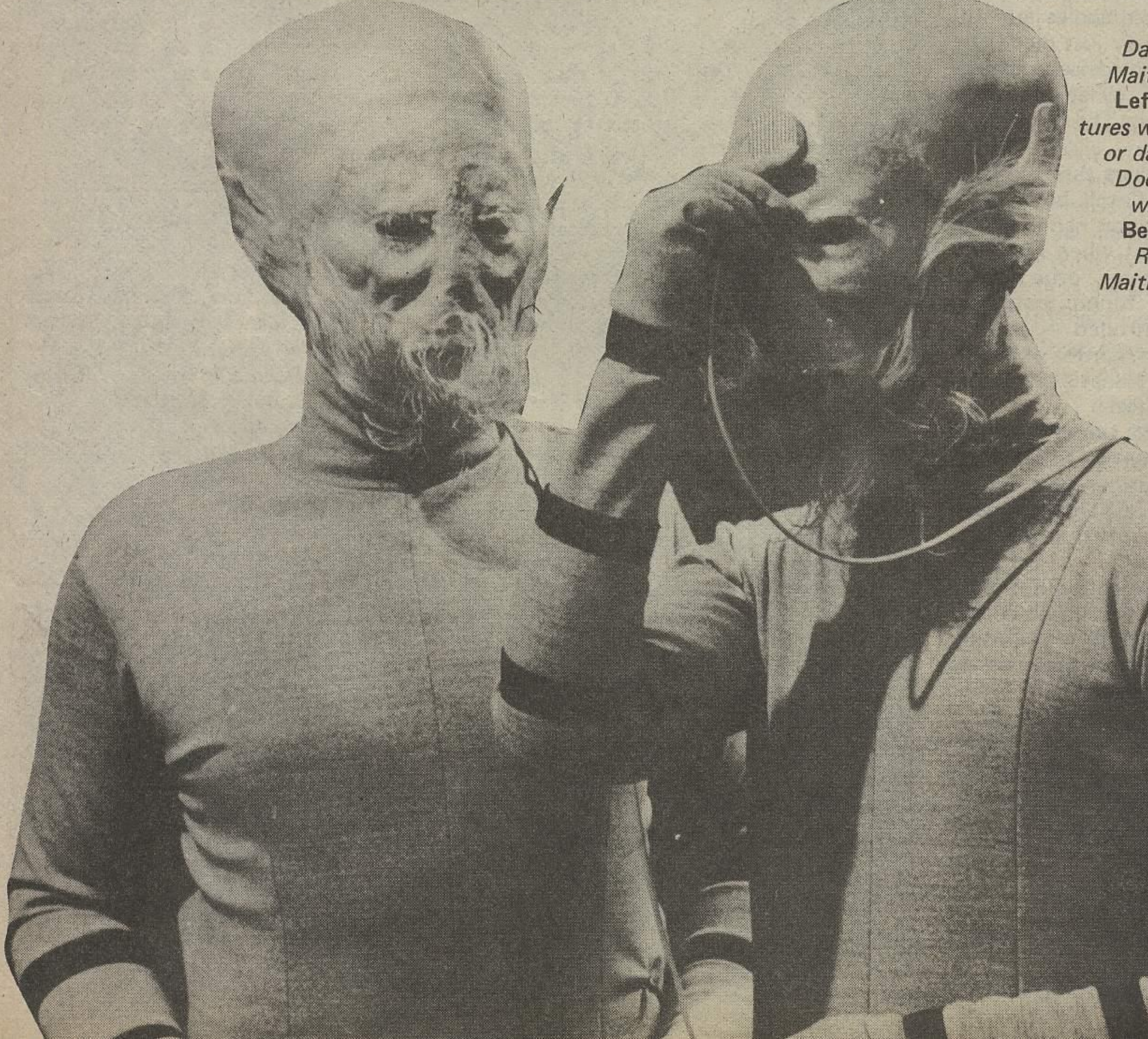
The party disembarks from the shuttle and John is taken away for treatment. The First Elder senses the goodness in the Doctor and invites them all to a reception. Ian is surprised when the drink they are given is water, 'crystal water' — distilled only for the city elders. He tries some, but changes to the ordinary water.

A RACE AGAINST DEATH!

The Second Elder, worried by the Administrator's prejudices, has followed him to the Science Halls. He comes upon a group of warriors readying a giant disintegrator projector. He demands and is given, the operating key. The Administrator watches him leave . . .

The discourses between the travellers and the elders are interrupted as Ian rises clutching his throat. He falls to the ground and the First Elder sadly proclaims he has the sickness.

The Doctor is quick to add his own



Above: *John (Stephen Dartnell), one of Captain Maitland's spaceship crew.* **Left:** *the Sensorites, creatures who cannot stand noise or darkness.* **Top right:** *the Doctor (William Hartnell) with the two Sensorites.* **Below right:** *Carol (Ilona Rogers), one of Captain Maitland's spaceship crew.*

diagonsis. To him Ian's sudden collapse would suggest not so much a disease but rather a form of poisoning, but poisoning from what?

Susan mentions the water Ian drank, but the Second Elder points out that most Sensorites drink this water and yet not all have died. The Doctor finds out that the water comes from different sources. Each of the ten city districts is fed by its own underground stream. Thus the problem is to isolate the stream responsible and then discover the nature of the poison.

The Doctor begins his research work; sampling, testing, recording and preparing. From the results a cure is found for Ian. The Doctor finally concludes which aqueduct is supplying the poisoned water and he asks for a sample of this to be sent to the First Elder as proof.

Looking for the poisoned source now the Doctor has gone to the suspect aqueduct. Ferocious monsters roam here, but the Doctor is undaunted — a cure must be found. He peers into the gloomy cavern, hesitates momentarily and then sets out. News of his trek has filtered back to Susan and the now recovering Ian and they too are soon standing at the aqueduct entrance.

Further down the Doctor has made a discovery — cultivated beds of Deadly Nightshade, carefully placed to contaminate the water. He is about to return with his find when an ear-splitting roar fills the tunnel. Seconds later, he is struck down.

Carrying torches, Susan and Ian find the Doctor, who, although cut and bleading, is otherwise unharmed. They assume this to have been done by a monster until another roar is heard. Swinging her torch around Susan finds a loudspeaker system mounted into the wall. The monsters' roars are a fake!

Meanwhile, the Administrator, determined to discredit and dispose of the visitors from Earth, murders the Second Elder and takes his seat of office in the council. He now has the power to destroy the time-travellers!

The Doctor and Ian are planning an organised search of the tunnels, equipped with maps and paralysis guns, but the new Elder takes steps to ensure that the maps are changed and the guns rendered useless. The two men will therefore have no means of defence against whatever it is that lurks in the tunnel's darkness!

THE SURVIVORS FROM EARTH!

Ian quickly discovers that the guns' energy cells are flat, but it is too late . . . Up ahead a series of shadowy forms are moving. They try to retreat but a figure jumps out from the shadows and bears Ian to the ground. The teacher fights back and manages to shine the torch light onto his attacker. The beam reveals the bearded, raggedly-dressed form of a man!

Following the fleeing human, Ian and the Doctor are overpowered by another man and taken before a uniformed captain of some kind. These men are survivors from the first Earth vessel that landed here. They escaped when the ship was destroyed and have lived underground, hidden from the Sensorites all this time.

Believing the Sensorites to be their enemies they are poisoning the water while, at the same time, excavating more Molybdenum from a subterranean seam. The men are quite mad and accept the Doctor and Ian as members of a relief ship from Earth, a story the two travellers tag along with. The Doctor tells the Commander that the Sensorites have been pacified and it is now safe for them to come out into the open. The Commander leads his men out with the Doctor and Ian.

With the water now clear again the Second Elder under arrest, the First Elder returns to the TARDIS lock to the Doctor, promising that the minds of the insane survivors will be treated and then they will be allowed to return with Maitland, to Earth. Carol, John and the Captain swear, for their part, to say nothing of Sense-Sphere's existence, and to leave the Sensorites to their own world, in peace.

Comment

As with many of these early Dr Who *serials, much of the credit for the story must go the the designers who devised a city totally devoid of straight lines and hard angles in its architecture.*

One of the Sensorite scientists was played by none other than Peter Glaze, better known to television viewers these days from the Cracker-Jack programme.

From the horrors of deep to horrors nearer home for the time-travellers next week. Few periods in history can be more bloody than the French Revolution and it is to this period in time that the TARDIS catapults its travellers next week. Join us there.

THE SENSORITES Credits

The Doctor (*William Hartnell*); Ian Chesterton (*William Russell*); Susan Foreman (*Carole Ann Ford*); Barbara Wright (*Jacqueline Hill*); John (*Stephen Dartnell*); Carol (*Ilona Rogers*); Captain Maitland (*Lorre Cossette*); lst Elder (*Eric Francis*); 2nd Elder (*Bartlett Mullins*).

Written by *Peter Newman*
Directed by *Mervyn Pinfield* and
Verity Lambert.

Next Week:
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR

Dear All,

One of the advantages of being a Time Lord is having a TARDIS (Time And Relative Dimensions in Space – to newcomers!). Though it appears to be no bigger than a Police Box from the outside, it's so vast within that there are areas even I've forgotten about!

Which is pretty lucky! Your response to our prize-winning comeptition in issue 5 has started pouring in, and even the TARDIS is beginning to get crowded!

But we're wading through the entries by taking them into a timeless dimension so you won't have to wait much longer for the results!

Judging by your letters of comment, you all seem competition crazy, so you'll doubtless be pleased to hear we've some more great prizewinning puzzlers coming up.

Next issue we'll be giving away 100 Doctor Who Annuals as competition prizes, plus we'll have a special feature on Davros, Mastermind of the Daleks.

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

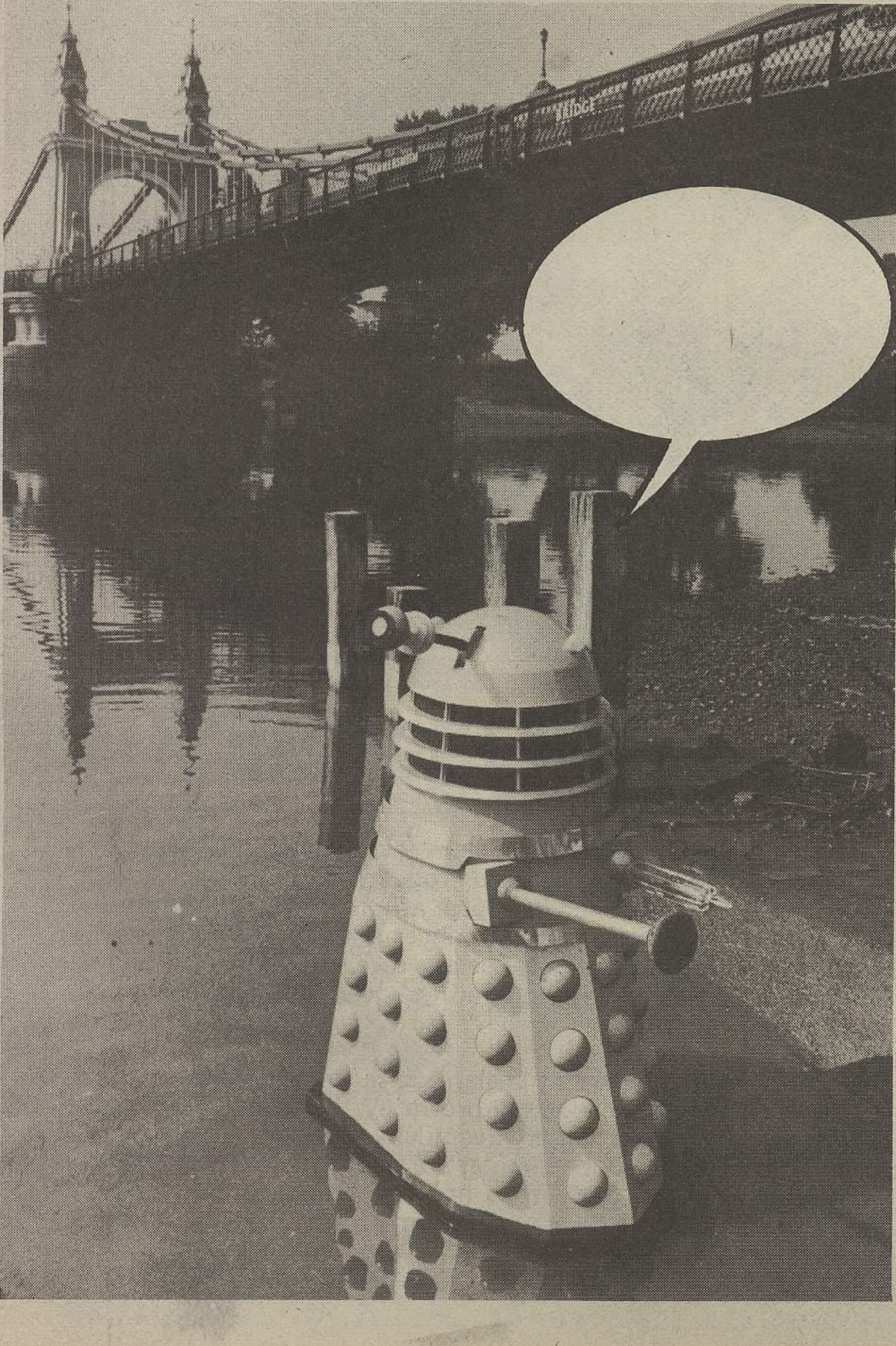
CRAZY CAPTION 9

£5 TO BE WON!

Welcome to another one of our crazy caption competitions. Just think of the funniest line you can, to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Ten autographed colour photos of Tom Baker, will go to the best runners up. Send your entries — **on postcards only, please** — postmarked no later than December 12th, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 9,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

This week and every week, we'll be publishing the name of the lucky winner and his/her caption, so keep 'em coming, captioneers!



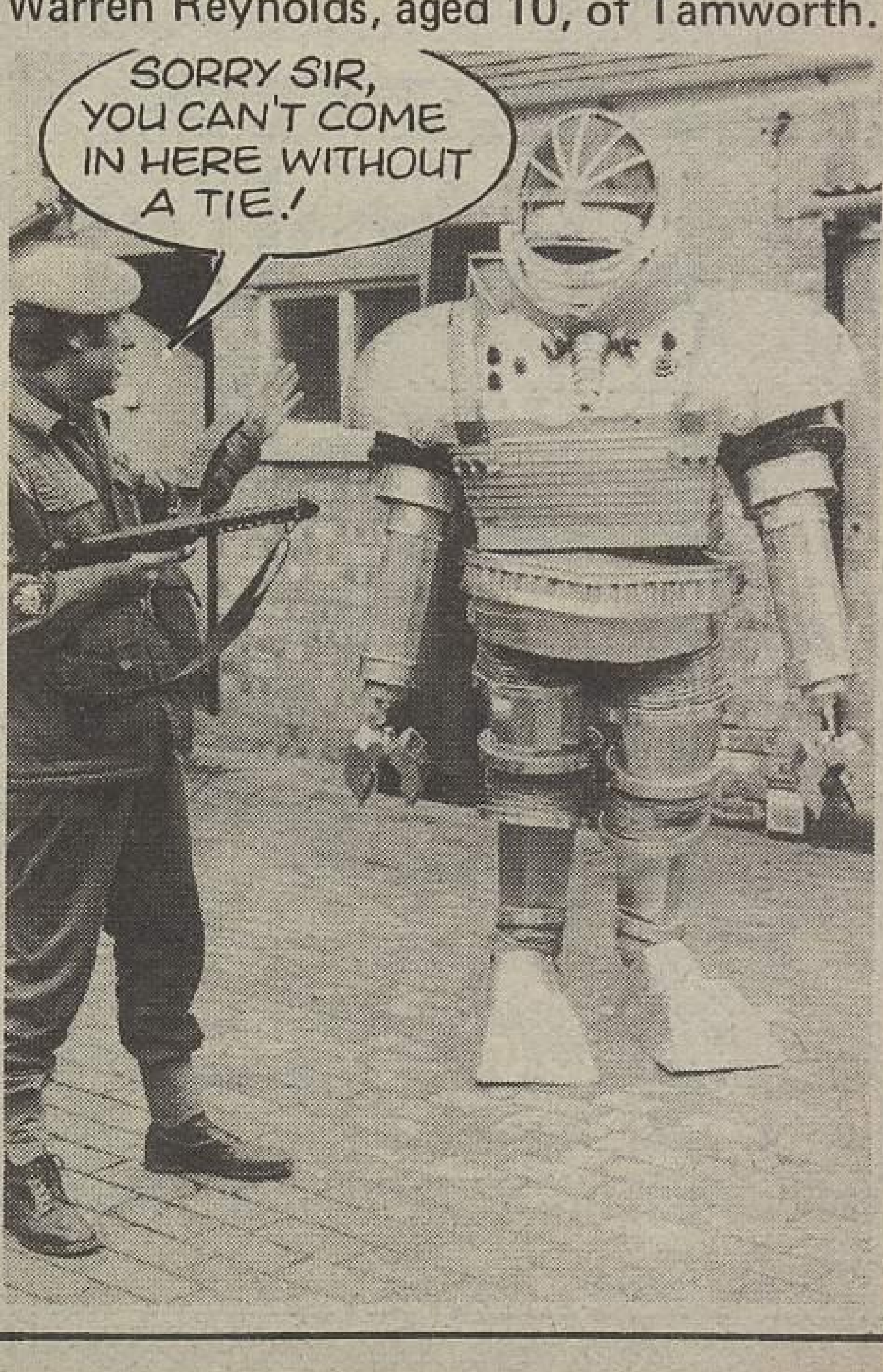
RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 3

THE WINNER:

Paul Batten, aged 12, from Aylesbury, wins £5 for his caption printed below.

The runners-up will receive autographed photo of Tom Baker as the Doctor:

Louise Marriott of Nottingham,
Mark Dickson, aged 9, of Crawley,
Giles Addison of Withernsea,
Antony Dear, aged 10 of Upminster,
John Whitfield, of Leighton Buzzard,
Nigel Jones, aged 7½, of Shrewsbury,
Daniel Rowley, aged 9, of Merry Hill,
Paul Bowler, aged 9, of Lowestoft,
Stephen Rowland, aged 11, of Axbridge,
Warren Reynolds, aged 10, of Tamworth.


SORRY SIR, YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE WITHOUT A TIE!

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

CUT OUT AND COLLECT THE ENTIRE SERIES

Entry Number Nine:~ LOUISE JAMESON

BORN: 1951
ROLE: Leela.
YEARS: 1977 to 1978
OTHER MAJOR TV ROLES: **Cider with Rosie, Z-Cars, Tom Brown's Schooldays, The Omega Factor, Emmerdale Farm.**
MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCES: **The Taming of the Shrew, King Lear, Love Labour's Lost.**

SPECIAL MENTION: Like many other **Dr Who** assistants Louise Jameson was trained at RADA and, in fact, was in the same class as Mary Tamm who succeeded Louise after her departure from the series in 1978.

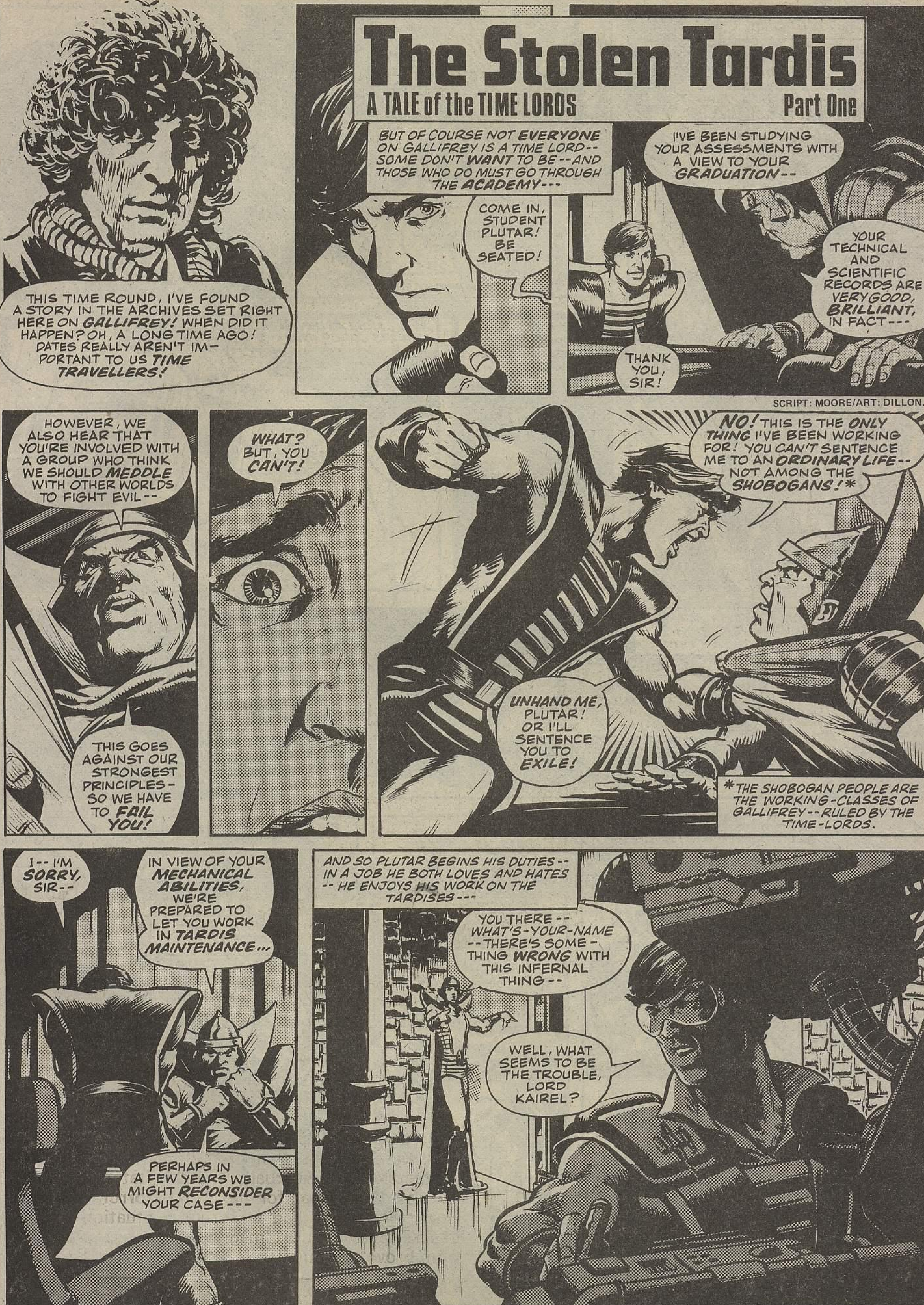
The character of Leela was very much the conception of former **Dr Who** Producer Philip Hinchcliffe who wanted her to appeal as much to older fans of the series as to the younger ones. In this he certainly succeeded as Leela's revealing leather costume helped viewing ratings over and above the ten million mark.

For the part of Leela, Louise Jameson's natural blue eyes were tinted brown by the addition of special contact lenses. Eventually these irritated Louise's eyes so badly that for the serial **Horror of Fang Rock** the writers had to invent a situation where Leela's eyes would 'magically' change pigment from brown to blue.

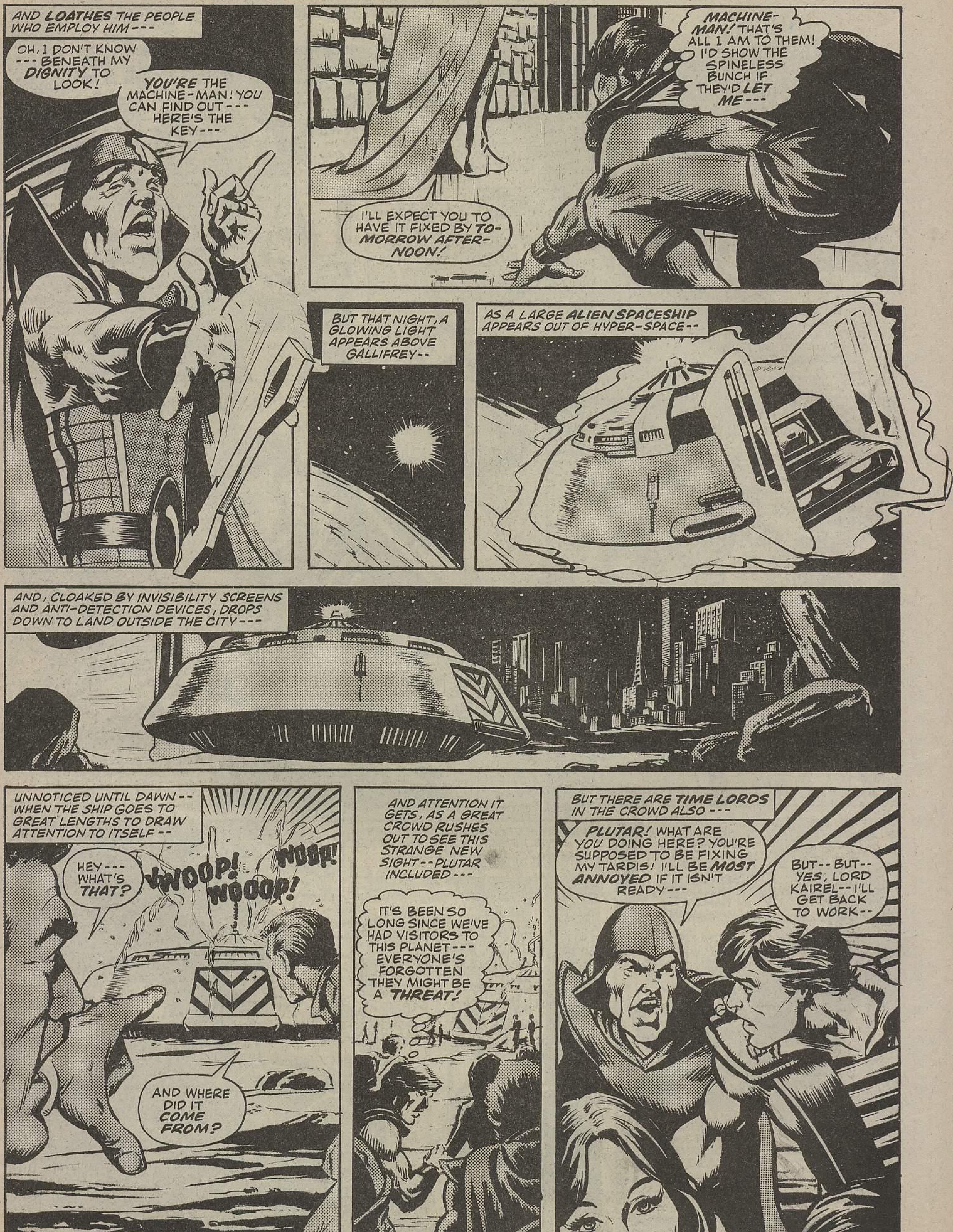
The Stolen Tardis

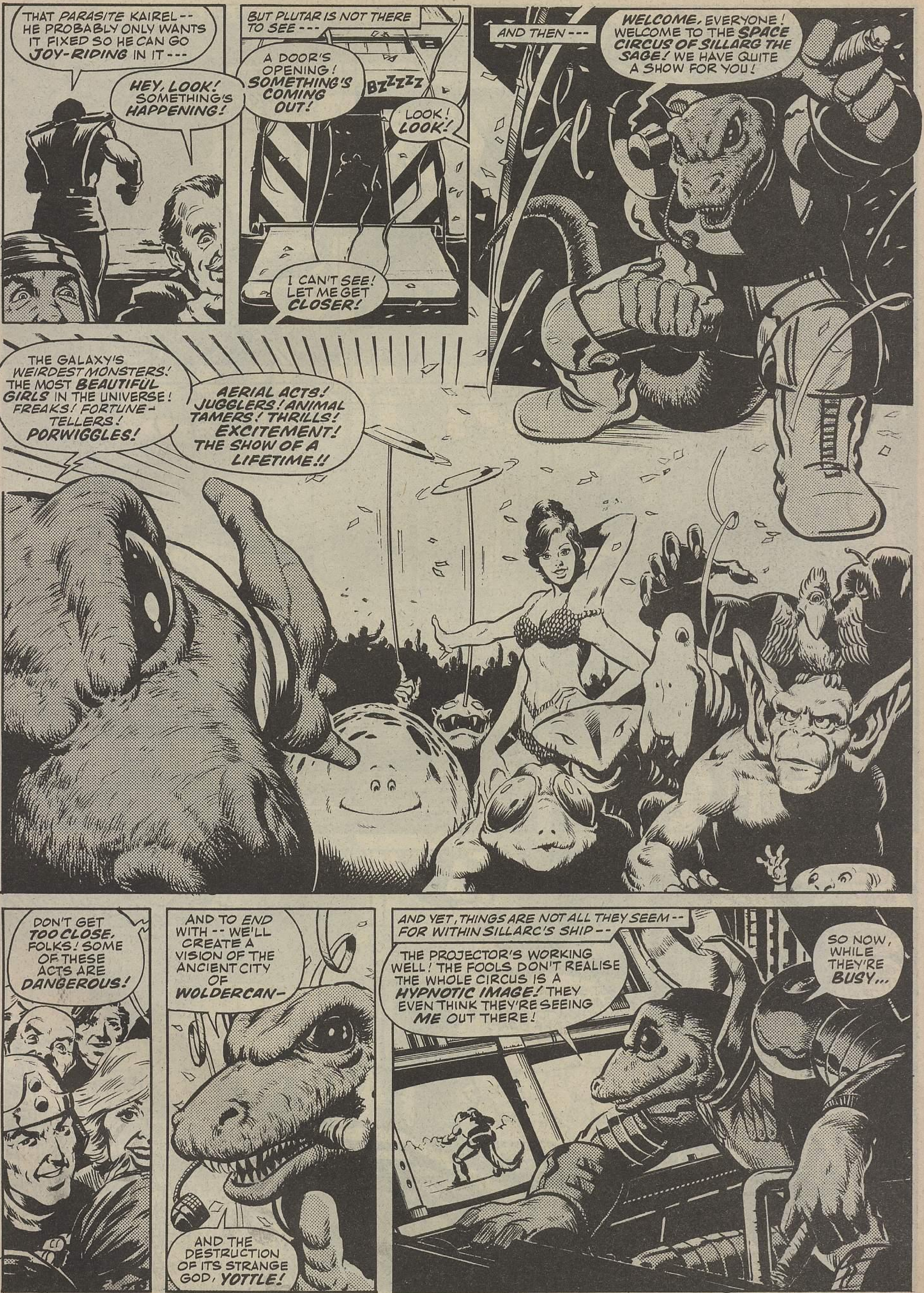
A TALE of the TIME LORDS

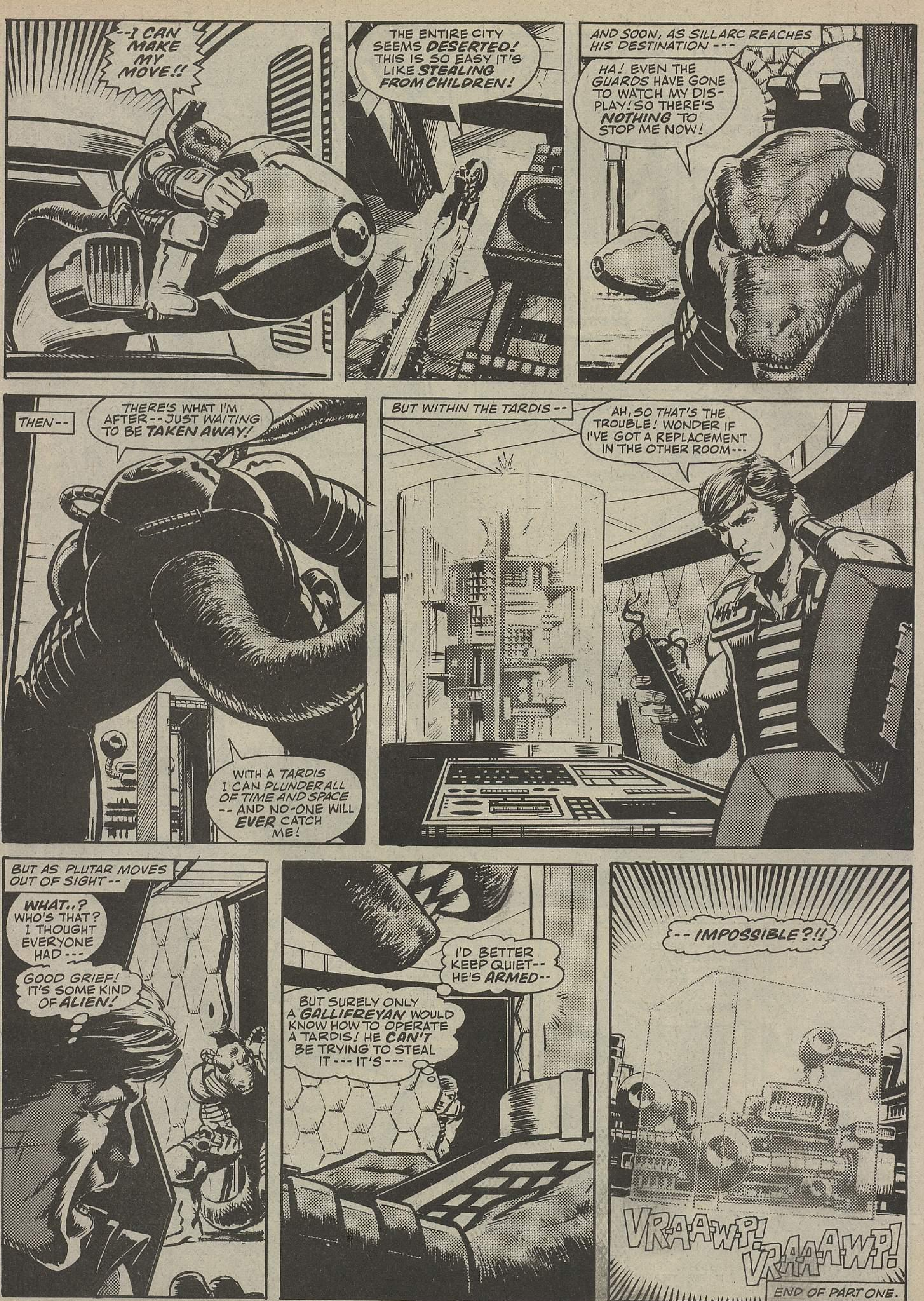
Part One


THIS TIME ROUND, I'VE FOUND A STORY IN THE ARCHIVES SET RIGHT HERE ON GALLIFREY! WHEN DID IT HAPPEN? OH, A LONG TIME AGO! DATES REALLY AREN'T IMPORTANT TO US TIME TRAVELLERS!
BUT OF COURSE NOT EVERYONE ON GALLIFREY IS A TIME LORD -- SOME DON'T WANT TO BE -- AND THOSE WHO DO MUST GO THROUGH THE ACADEMY ---
COME IN, STUDENT PLUTAR! BE SEATED!
I'VE BEEN STUDYING YOUR ASSESSMENTS WITH A VIEW TO YOUR GRADUATION --
YOUR TECHNICAL AND SCIENTIFIC RECORDS ARE VERY GOOD, BRILLIANT, IN FACT ---
THANK YOU, SIR!
HOWEVER, WE ALSO HEAR THAT YOU'RE INVOLVED WITH A GROUP WHO THINK WE SHOULD MEDDLE WITH OTHER WORLDS TO FIGHT EVIL --
THIS GOES AGAINST OUR STRONGEST PRINCIPLES - SO WE HAVE TO FAIL YOU!
WHAT? BUT, YOU CAN'T!
NO! THIS IS THE ONLY THING I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR! YOU CAN'T SENTENCE ME TO AN ORDINARY LIFE -- NOT AMONG THE SHOBOGANS! *
UNHAND ME, PLUTAR! OR I'LL SENTENCE YOU TO EXILE!
* THE SHOBOGAN PEOPLE ARE THE WORKING-CLASSES OF GALLIFREY -- RULED BY THE TIME-LORDS.
I -- I'M SORRY, SIR --
IN VIEW OF YOUR MECHANICAL ABILITIES, WE'RE PREPARED TO LET YOU WORK IN TARDIS MAINTENANCE...
PERHAPS IN A FEW YEARS WE MIGHT RECONSIDER YOUR CASE ---
AND SO PLUTAR BEGINS HIS DUTIES -- IN A JOB HE BOTH LOVES AND HATES -- HE ENJOYS HIS WORK ON THE TARDISES ---
YOU THERE -- WHAT'S-YOUR-NAME -- THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS INFERNAL THING --
WELL, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, LORD KAIREL?

SCRIPT: MOORE/ART: DILLON.


AND LOATHES THE PEOPLE WHO EMPLOY HIM ---
OH, I DON'T KNOW --- BENEATH MY DIGNITY TO LOOK!
YOU'RE THE MACHINE-MAN! YOU CAN FIND OUT --- HERE'S THE KEY ---
I'LL EXPECT YOU TO HAVE IT FIXED BY TOMORROW AFTERNOON!
MACHINE-MAN! THAT'S ALL I AM TO THEM! I'D SHOW THE SPINELESS BUNCH IF THEY'D LET ME ---
BUT THAT NIGHT, A GLOWING LIGHT APPEARS ABOVE GALLIFREY --
AS A LARGE ALIEN SPACESHIP APPEARS OUT OF HYPER-SPACE --
AND, CLOAKED BY INVISIBILITY SCREENS AND ANTI-DETECTION DEVICES, DROPS DOWN TO LAND OUTSIDE THE CITY ---
UNNOTICED UNTIL DAWN -- WHEN THE SHIP GOES TO GREAT LENGTHS TO DRAW ATTENTION TO ITSELF --
HEY --- WHAT'S THAT?
VWOOP!
WOOOP!
WOOP!
AND WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
AND ATTENTION IT GETS, AS A GREAT CROWD RUSHES OUT TO SEE THIS STRANGE NEW SIGHT -- PLUTAR INCLUDED ---
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE'VE HAD VISITORS TO THIS PLANET --- EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN THEY MIGHT BE A THREAT!
BUT THERE ARE TIME LORDS IN THE CROWD ALSO ---
PLUTAR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FIXING MY TARDIS! I'LL BE MOST ANNOYED IF IT ISN'T READY ---
BUT -- BUT -- YES, LORD KAIREL -- I'LL GET BACK TO WORK --


THAT PARASITE KAIREL -- HE PROBABLY ONLY WANTS IT FIXED SO HE CAN GO JOY-RIDING IN IT ---
HEY, LOOK! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!
BUT PLUTAR IS NOT THERE TO SEE ---
A DOOR'S OPENING! SOMETHING'S COMING OUT!
BZZZZZ
LOOK! LOOK!
I CAN'T SEE! LET ME GET CLOSER!
AND THEN ---
WELCOME, EVERYONE! WELCOME TO THE SPACE CIRCUS OF SILLARG THE SAGE! WE HAVE QUITE A SHOW FOR YOU!
THE GALAXY'S WEIRDEST MONSTERS! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE UNIVERSE! FREAKS! FORTUNE-TELLERS! PORWIGGLES!
AERIAL ACTS! JUGGLERS! ANIMAL TAMERS! THRILLS! EXCITEMENT! THE SHOW OF A LIFETIME!!
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE, FOLKS! SOME OF THESE ACTS ARE DANGEROUS!
AND TO END WITH -- WE'LL CREATE A VISION OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF WOLDERCAN-
AND THE DESTRUCTION OF ITS STRANGE GOD, YOTTLE!
AND YET, THINGS ARE NOT ALL THEY SEEM -- FOR WITHIN SILLARC'S SHIP --
THE PROJECTOR'S WORKING WELL! THE FOOLS DON'T REALISE THE WHOLE CIRCUS IS A HYPNOTIC IMAGE! THEY EVEN THINK THEY'RE SEEING ME OUT THERE!
SO NOW, WHILE THEY'RE BUSY...


--I CAN MAKE MY MOVE!!
THE ENTIRE CITY SEEMS DESERTED! THIS IS SO EASY IT'S LIKE STEALING FROM CHILDREN!
AND SOON, AS SILLARC REACHES HIS DESTINATION---
HA! EVEN THE GUARDS HAVE GONE TO WATCH MY DISPLAY! SO THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME NOW!
THEN--
THERE'S WHAT I'M AFTER--JUST WAITING TO BE TAKEN AWAY!
WITH A TARDIS I CAN PLUNDER ALL OF TIME AND SPACE --AND NO-ONE WILL EVER CATCH ME!
BUT WITHIN THE TARDIS--
AH, SO THAT'S THE TROUBLE! WONDER IF I'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT IN THE OTHER ROOM---
BUT AS PLUTAR MOVES OUT OF SIGHT--
WHAT..? WHO'S THAT? I THOUGHT EVERYONE HAD---
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S SOME KIND OF ALIEN!
I'D BETTER KEEP QUIET--HE'S ARMED--
BUT SURELY ONLY A GALLIFREYAN WOULD KNOW HOW TO OPERATE A TARDIS! HE CAN'T BE TRYING TO STEAL IT---IT'S---
--IMPOSSIBLE?!!
VRAAWP! VRAAAWP!
END OF PART ONE.

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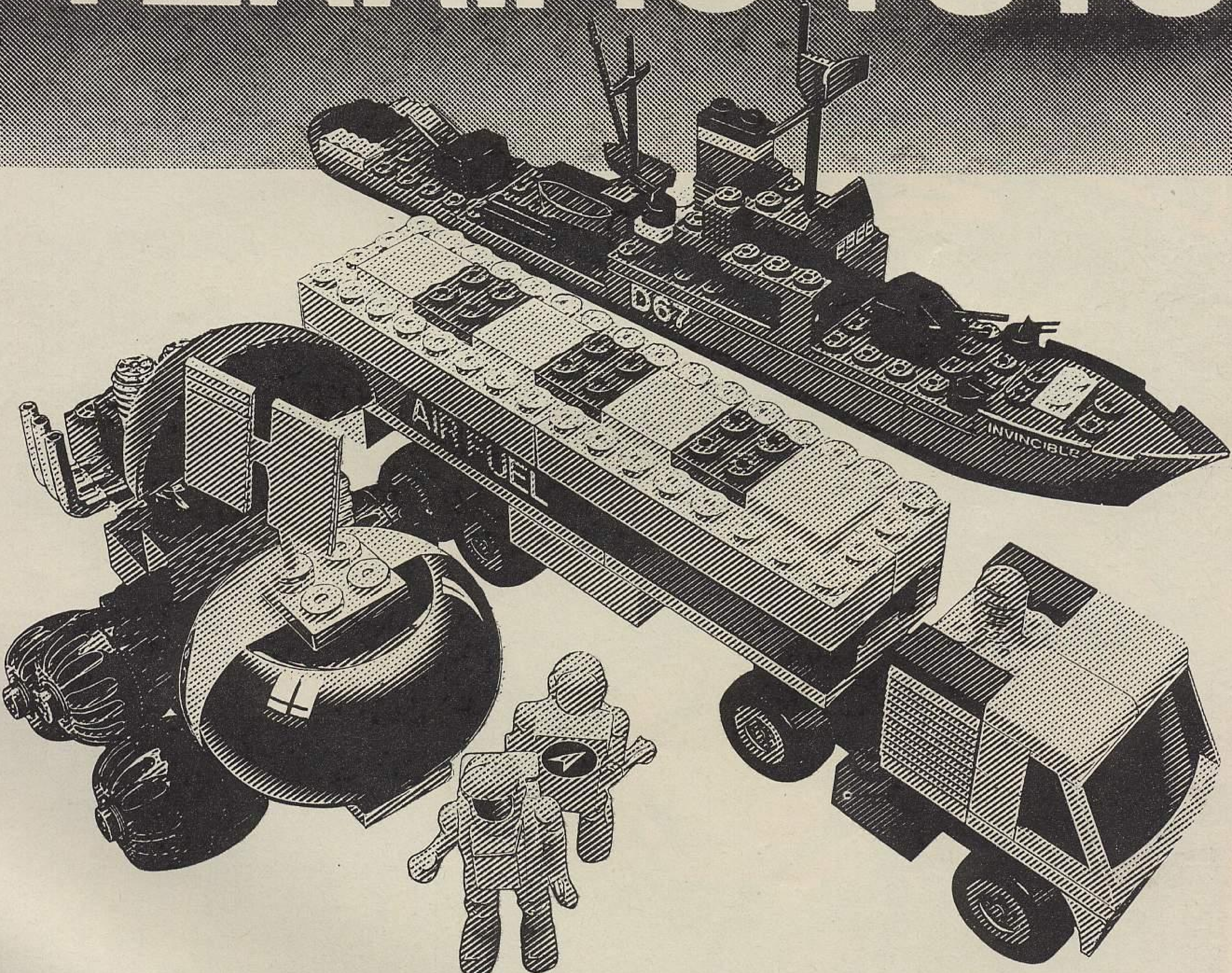

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Screenplay by MILTON SUBOTSKY · From the BBC Television Serial by TERRY NATION · AN AARU PRODUCTION
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The poster for the 1966 film Daleks Invasion Earth–2150 AD.